

The AMERICAN GIRL

December

1955 · 25 ¢



Munsingwear®



Formalities

Panty Girdle of Helanca, nylon yarn designed especially for you



Even a junior figure needs trimming and smoothing under the pretty new holiday fashions. And Munsingwear Formalities . . . panty girdle of Helanca s-t-r-e-t-c-h nylon yarn trims and smooths your figure so beautifully and so gently. Front and

back panels of nylon tricot sprinkled with tiny forget-me-nots. Pink with blue flowers; White with pink flowers. Junior sizes—medium and large. **\$2.95**

WRITE MUNSINGWEAR, INC., MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA FOR THE STORES NEAREST YOU.

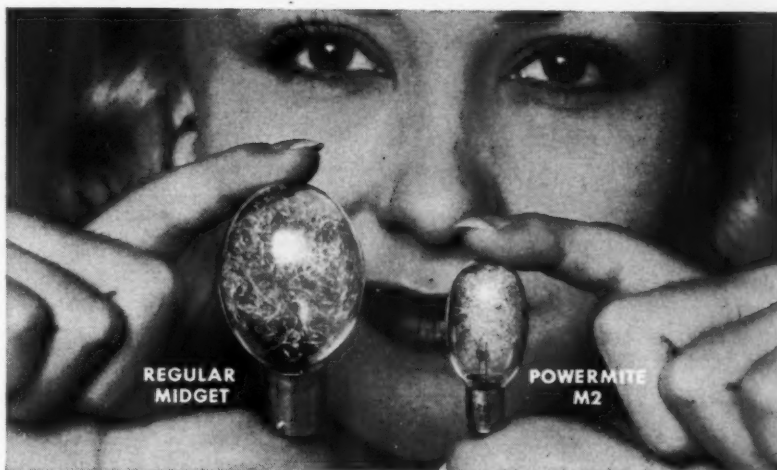
By Marjorie Vetter

Books

Candle in the Sun. By Elisabeth Hamilton Friermood. Doubleday & Company, \$2.75. It did not matter to Kate that Papa had never been what Uncle Fred called a "good provider." She loved his gentle kindness, his gay laughter, the brightness of his soaring imagination, the glow of his quick enthusiasm, the wide range of his lively interest. He had encouraged Kate's dream of college, though it was unusual for women in those days of 1907. When he was ordered to New Mexico for his health, Kate accepted the responsibility of "taking care of Papa." He loved the vast, dry, sun-drenched land Kate found so difficult. With his usual rosy ebullience, he invested the family savings in a debt-ridden, tumble-down grocery in the frontier settlement of Artesia. Kate was determined to make the store pay. She made friends with the minister's attractive daughter and dreamed of the handsome cowboy she had seen at the rodeo. But baking, managing the store, and looking after Papa left her little time for anything but study in her valiant effort to pass special examinations for her high school diploma. More and more the entire business of the store was left to her, while Papa spent his days and nights on a novel of early days in New Mexico. Slowly, very slowly, by dint of good common-sense planning and grueling hard work, Kate was just beginning to think that she might one day succeed in making the store pay, when Papa, his novel forgotten, spent his last few dollars on a homestead. Once again Kate was uprooted. This time to a lonely shack and a tent in the midst of three hundred arid acres to which all water had to be brought from the river a mile and a half away. Papa's health did not improve, and college for Kate seemed further away than the moon. Yet Papa left to his daughter not only her wonderful memories of him, but surprisingly enough a legacy that made her dreams come true. Skillfully written, full-bodied, adult, this warm and moving novel of a Midwestern girl's love for a charming, impractical father and her struggles to make a home for him in the strange New Mexico territory is rich, rewarding reading for you older girls. Don't miss it.

Dictionary of Etiquette. By Nancy Loughridge. Philosophical Library \$3.50. Up-to-date, broad-minded, and practical in its estimate of what is or is not considered correct behavior in modern living, this is an excellent book to have handy for quick reference in any situation in which you are uncertain about just what is approved procedure. You do not have to wade through long chapters of outmoded social usage to find the small island of information that applies to your problem. Suppose your best friend's aunt has died and you wish to send flowers but are uncertain where and how they should be addressed. You look up "funeral" or "flowers," either one, just as you would in a dictionary, and there, in form almost as concise as a definition, is exactly the advice you need. Between "accessories" and "yachting," you will find the answer to practically any question of etiquette that may puzzle you.

flash! New G-E PowerMite M2 flash bulb is world's tiniest and easiest to use, saves 3¢ a shot



ONLY 1/4 THE SIZE OF MIDGET BULBS, new PowerMite M2 (right) is so tiny, you can carry two 12-bulb packs in your pocket or purse ready for any shot.



POWERMITE M2 PHOTO (left) is clear, well-lighted. Photo at right, taken with bigger bulb—the regular midget—is same quality, but bulb cost 3¢ more.

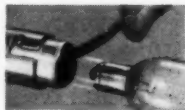
NOW, you can take flash photos easier, at 3¢ lower cost than ever before! General Electric's new PowerMite M2 bulb gets bigger-bulb results, saves you up to 36¢ a roll of film, gives 25% more flash shots for your money.

PowerMite is recommended for 88% of all shots: pictures of people, at distances up to 15 feet. Ideal indoors and out.

Great for color closeups, too.

And so easy to carry and use. Ring-type base (photo at

left) plugs in, pops out without twisting. Many new cameras come equipped for tiny G-E PowerMite M2. Others use a low-cost adapter, about 22¢, available now at your dealer's. Try G-E PowerMite M2 bulbs today—and shoot better for less!



Progress Is Our Most Important Product
GENERAL  ELECTRIC

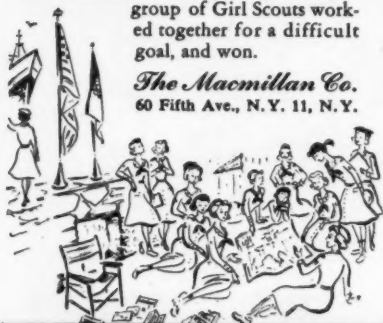
The AMERICAN GIRL is published monthly by Girl Scouts of the U.S.A., 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N.Y. Copyright, 1955, Girl Scouts of the U.S.A., in the United States and Canada. Reprinting or adaption for radio or other use not permitted except by special authorization. Re-entered as second-class matter, June 29, 1944, at the Post Office at New York, N.Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103. Act of October 3, 1917, authorized November 17, 1921. Subscription \$3.00 a year. Volume XXXVIII. Number 12.

Could your Girl Scout Troop raise the money for a trip to Europe?

Adèle de Leeuw in THE RUGGED DOZEN

tells the story of a Troop who could, and did. Of course there was hard work, clever planning, and some disappointments, but it all makes an exciting story of how a group of Girl Scouts worked together for a difficult goal, and won.

The Macmillan Co.
60 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 11, N. Y.



FREE SILVERWARE BOOKLET

Give better parties... set perfect tables... help win "Hospitality" and "Metal" Girl Scout Proficiency badges with Gorham's free booklet:

"**BEAUTIFUL TABLES:**
HOW TO CHOOSE, USE, AND
CARE FOR YOUR STERLING"
Write for your free copy of
"Beautiful Tables" to:

Miss A. G. Holbrook
The Gorham Company
Providence 7, R. I.

Gorham
STERLING

AMERICA'S LEADING SILVERSMITHS SINCE 1831

P.S. The Gorham Sterling ad across the page has another special message for you.

December 1955

The AMERICAN GIRL

For all girls. Published monthly by Girl Scouts of the U.S.A.

Fiction

- 7 The Questing Gull, *Elizabeth Rogers*
- 10 The Forgotten Christmas, *Joan Andre Porter*
- 26 The Water Witch [Conclusion] *Annette Turngren*

Nonfiction

- 12 Treeland's Miss America, *Joan Yard*
- 14 Let's Discover America: Quest for Liberty, *Laura Vitray*
- 16 Cooking with Judy, Sweets for Christmas, *Alice C. Sanderson*
- 25 Try a Newspaper Party, *Ida M. Pardue*

Fashion and good looks

- 18 Two—to Get Ready!, *Glynne*
- 21 Prize Purchase
- 22 Holiday on the Town
- 24 Holiday at Home
- 28 Around the Clock (patterns)
- 32 Teen Shop Talk, *Jonni Burke*

Features

- 3 Books, *Marjorie Vetter*
- 20 By You
- 36 Snowtime for Camping? *Carole McConnell*
- 38 All Over the Map
- 40 A Penny for Your Thoughts
- 45 Speaking of Movies, *Bertha Jancke Lueck*
- 50 Jokes



Cover

This year—as every year—millions of New York residents and visitors from other countries will view the faerie Christmas display at Rockefeller Center, "crossroads of the world." The giant tree on the cover is seen in a view looking down the Channel Gardens. The gleaming fountains are plastic. Before the tree, skaters whirl on a frozen pond. Last year a million people passed here Christmas day; some fifty million saw the tree on TV.

Esther R. Bien

Editor and publisher

Tillie W. Green: *Production*
Marjorie Vetter: *Fiction*
Laura Vitray: *Articles*
Mary R. Irons: *Features*
Pat di Sernia: *Fashions*
Bea Trokel: *Accessories*
Phil Hummerstone: *Art Director*
Zlata Werner Deutsch: *Assistant to Art Director*
Annabelle Dean: *Promotion*
Warren S. Brown: *Subscription Manager*
Edward C. Warren: *Advertising Manager*

Mrs. Roy F. Layton: *President, Girl Scouts*
Dorothy C. Stratton: *National Executive Director*
Mrs. Richard Plaut: *Chairman, Magazine Committee*

Subscription price: \$3.00 for one year, \$5.00 for two years, U.S. and Canada; Foreign, Pan-America, \$.60 extra a year for postage, \$1.20 for two years. Remit by money order for foreign or Canadian subscriptions

Official publication of the Girl Scouts of the U.S.A.
155 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York
Volume XXXVIII, Number 12
Member Audit Bureau of Circulations



Love at second sight is more important

In the next few years you'll be making some of your most important decisions—choosing the way you want to spend the rest of your life.

Sometime during these years you'll be buying the possessions that will become part of your life forever. You'll have to choose between what you know to be good and what is supposed to be "just as good".

As far as silverware is concerned, there is no second best. *Sterling* silver is solid silver—the only flatware you can buy that actually grows lovelier and richer looking with the years. And *Gorham**

Sterling does the fullest justice to your taste and sense of values—in your own eyes and in the judgment of others.

As proof of Gorham's enduring popularity, there is more Gorham Sterling in use today than any other make. There are also more Gorham patterns to choose from. Because Gorham has become such an American tradition, "Gorham" and "Sterling" have come to mean one and the same thing.

Why not decide now on your own Gorham Sterling pattern? Register your choice at your authorized jeweler or department store.



The Gorham Sterling knife handle is made from a single seamless silver tube—not two halves soldered together. It is dent-resistant and rattleproof. Gorham Sterling place settings—including knife, fork, teaspoon, salad fork, soup spoon and flat or hollow-handle butter spreader—start from \$29.75 (Federal Tax Incl.). Prices subject to change without notice.

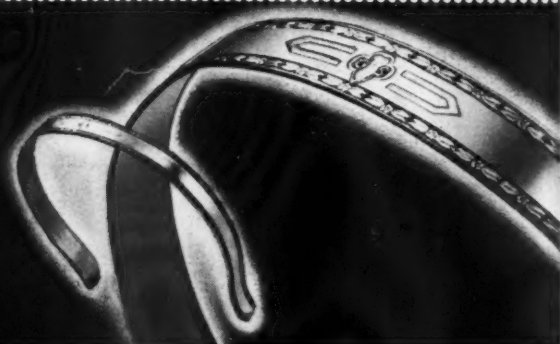
Gorham
STERLING

AMERICA'S LEADING SILVERSMITHS SINCE 1831
*TRADE MARK © 1955 BY THE GORHAM COMPANY, PROVIDENCE, R. I.



gifts for the glamour puss

(all of them under \$2.00!)



...choose from these four and many, many more

Beauty box of pure and fragrant cosmetics. Contains bubble bath, toilet water, lotion and shampoo. \$1.20 (incl. tax)

Trefoil soap. Mild, pure, lightly scented. Pale yellow. 3 cakes in gift box. 50¢

Compact, fashionably slim and distinctive in satin finish jeweler's bronze. 2 1/4" square. Mirror, inner door, puff. \$1.75

Stylish hairband, to keep your hair in place. In gleaming 14K gold plate. 50¢

GS
Girl Scouts of the U.S.A.

see them at your GIRL SCOUT SHOP

By Elizabeth Rogers

The Questing Gull

An exciting ice-boating adventure

on Lake Michigan plunges

two girls and a boy into deadly peril

Oh, Bruce let's try it now!" Lynne's dark eyes gleamed from the frame of her white fur parka. "I wouldn't be afraid with you. Bruce McCauley and *The Questing Gull*—best skipper and best iceboat on the bay! Please, Bruce."

The girls were in the cockpit with me—Lynne in the middle where it was warmest. We were covered with fur-lined robes, for even at midday the thermometer was below zero.

I had been boasting to Lynne about the feat of jumping the crack between the shore ice and the big floe in the center of the bay—a stunt presently thrilling the more daring of the iceboat crowd.

"Don't be a fool, Bruce," Gretchen snapped. She had been short-tempered and hard to get along with lately. I knew she was not afraid, not for herself anyway. She's a good sport and a grand athlete and has lived all her life beside the bay. She knew better than anyone what the *Gull* could do. She had helped me build her. Gretchen could handle a spirit level or a tape as well as any carpenter. Together we had hammered and sawed and rubbed wax. Gretchen had stitched sail until her fingers were sore. She was proud of the *Gull* and loved her as much as I did. Gretchen was probably concerned for Lynne, I thought. Lynne, who is Gretchen's cousin, was totally unaccustomed to cold weather. She had come up from Mexico City for a taste of northern Michigan winter.

Lynne's father is a diplomat. Gretchen in her ski pants and jumper and Lynne in her white furs were as different as their fathers' occupations. Gretchen's dad owns a coal-and-lumber dock in our town and is as plain and folksy as they come.

The girls were different in looks and personalities too. Gretchen, a blue-eyed blond, was sturdy, direct, and outspoken. Lynne, whose mother was Spanish, was fragile, dark, and vivacious. Her dainty feminine ways enchanted me. Her flattering admiration of my masculine strength and superiority, the way she looked to me for help and protection, made me feel like a knight of old.





Illustration by Robert Smith

Ever since her arrival I had been going around with my head in the clouds.

"Please, Bruce," Lynne urged again, her dark eyes daring me to show what wonders I could perform with an iceboat on a dangerous mission.

"How about one little jump, Gretchen?" I asked. Somehow I needed Gretchen's consent the way you need a good day for a picnic—something to make you feel right about what you are doing.

I had never been the least bit in love with Gretchen. She was just a good pal, fun to be with. But I wanted her to back me up.

"Shall we?" I asked her again as she hesitated, that sort of puzzled, hurt look she had worn so often lately in her eyes again.

"It's too late," she said, turning back the cuff of her fur glove to look at her watch. "It's three thirty already. You know better, Bruce, really." She looked as if she wanted to add—"If you weren't just showing off for Lynne's benefit."

"Oh, Gretchen!" Lynne exploded. "You're absolutely the meanest girl in the whole world! Don't listen to her, Bruce. Let's go. Please, Bruce, for me."

"Lynne'll be gone next week, Gretchen," I coaxed. "There may not be another day like this for it."

"Have it your way," Gretchen said, shortly. "You win.

Two against one!" She settled back. But I knew she wouldn't stay that way long. She was an iceboat fan.

The ice was like glass. The wind, nudging the *Gull* along at sixty miles an hour, was just right. The pale winter sunshine was beginning to fade into a lighter gray. The little black huts of the fishermen, here and there on the ice, sped by. The drumlike, hollow sound of the runner skates and the whistling of the wind was like music to my ears—dance music. I could see the girls felt it, too. *This* was something to live for!

There were no other boats on the bay, but we saw and heard the Coast Guard helicopter going its regular round.

"Let's race it," Lynne shrieked against the wind. We were picking up speed and soon talking would be impossible. While I could, I tried to explain to her a little about the feat we were accomplishing and the risks we were taking.

"The plane is going to the station across the bay," I said. "We're heading for the floe. It's about fifty miles long and about twelve across. It moves constantly, blown by the wind and carried by the currents. Sometimes it's closer to one side and sometimes to another. Come a northeaster, you could walk across from this side."

"Come a northeaster, you wouldn't want to," put in Gretchen, giving me a look like a long-handled butcher knife. "You'd freeze."



Bruce ran madly about in the biting cold, wildly waving the flaming brand

Ignoring her, I went on with my explanation. "A good skipper takes advantage of the buckling of the floe ice over the shore ice or vice versa, to jump from the higher level to the lower. He watches closely. When everything is just right, he gives her the wind and—she's over!"

"O-o-o-oh!" cooed Lynne. "Sounds wonderful!" But the coo was somewhat mumbled, because her lips were stiff with cold.

Now it was time to concentrate on my business. The blue water was showing, a good wide streak of it. Not too wide for safety, I thought, but certainly not too narrow for a thrill. I watched for the ice shove. I had to find a place where the shore ice was higher and the crack not too wide for the *Gull*.

I cruised back and forth, tacking and watching closely, and finally saw my spot. I got into the wind, came about, then for a short while, let the *Gull* have it.

I was tense with the strain. The floe moves so rapidly at times that by the time you've reached it, the crack has widened. A spill into that water doesn't kill a fellow if he gets out quickly and gets warm. The great danger is that he may come up under the ice. I had to be especially careful because Lynne was too fragile for that sort of thing.

Of course, you can't run straight before the wind. You have to approach at an angle, for you can not run directly before the wind that would widen the crack. There was no more talking. I was absorbed in doing the job, and the girls were absorbed in watching me.

The *Questing Gull* was thundering toward the crack. Now she rose like a race horse making a jump, came down with a little skipping motion, and raced on, leaving the blue water behind.

A sigh of relief came from both girls as the stunt was accomplished. My own heart was beating faster for the beauty and the grace of sail and wood and steel-soled runner skates.

As I prepared to come about for the return jump, a fisherman's hut loomed up in the half light. I veered

sharply to avoid it; there was a ripping, tearing sound and the three of us tumbled on the ice.

We jumped to our feet, untangling ourselves from the robes. No one was hurt, but the *Gull* heeled over like a bird with a broken wing, her sail flapping idly. The right runner skate had been sheared off by a small timber frozen up-ended in the ice. We stood there a moment or two, staring mutely at the stricken *Gull*.

"You can fix it, Bruce," Lynne said shakily. "Surely you can fix it."

"Sure." Gretchen said, her voice bitter. "Sure he can fix it. There's lumber and iron and a foundry out here on the ice floe."

The sarcasm was lost on Lynne, but it hit me hard. What had my foolhardy recklessness got us into? You've played the fool, Bruce McCauley, I told myself, and now see what a mess you're in!

"You two walk around a bit—get your blood circulating," I suggested. "When you're tired, go into that hut over there."

Gretchen gave me a look that might be called compassionate. Then, without a word, she led the whimpering Lynne away.

I glanced at the thermometer we kept tacked to the mast. It said thirteen below zero. I began to furl the sails, thinking of those two girls depending on me to get them out of this waste of nothing. The crack was much too wide to jump over. And there were no planks around to make a bridge. Even if we took boards from the hut, our only shelter, they were too short to span the crack. There was no way of getting back home unless someone missed us. It gave me a creepy feeling and an ache somewhere inside me when I remembered that no one knew where we were.

When I had finished the sails, I chopped narrow grooves in the ice and placed the two good runner skates in them, then piled chopped ice about them. It froze, making a solid anchor against the wind. I put the broken runner skate into place and piled the chopped ice high around it. The *Gull* [Continued on page 34]

By Joan Andre Porter

The forgotten Christmas

*Only the heart—not falderal,
tinsel, or gay whoopedoo—
makes a truly memorable Christmas*



Illustration by Eddie Chan

By a quarter of six on the afternoon of Christmas Eve, Liz Cornwall knew it was no use pretending anymore. It was unbelievable, but everyone seemed to have forgotten Christmas.

Liz pushed aside the stack of labels she was writing from a check sheet on the desk, fussed hopelessly with her dark hair, damp and unruly in the Florida heat. From the tiny office where she sat she could hear the furious racket of the fruit-packing room: the grind of the machine that tumbled oranges and grapefruit in soapy water, rinsed them, and slid them out on the grading belt where Aunt Belle's quick fingers separated the prime fruit from the inferior.

Above the noise there was Uncle George's voice giving instructions to the girls who packed the fruit in fancy baskets as Christmas gifts. It was Liz' job to paste the labels, properly addressed, on the finished baskets, festive with shredded cellophane and sprigs of holly.

We're right in the middle of the hustle and bustle of Christmas, Liz thought achingly, and yet nobody seems to be doing anything about it. Not Aunt Belle, nor Uncle George—nor even Joe, who stacked the baskets on the truck and made deliveries. Not one of them had said a single word to Liz about tomorrow!

A week ago she had first had that funny feeling about Christmas—that something was queer and strange. No, that wasn't quite right. The strangeness, the part that hurt so much, had all started a month ago back home in Connecticut.

It had been the day after Thanksgiving and simultaneously the day of the first heavy snow. All morning Liz had been out skiing in the white hills with her best friend Pat and the Fitch twins, Bill and Harvey, who lived next door. Coming into the house, feeling alive and tingling from the biting air, Liz had paused, struck by the way her mother stood at the window, staring out, fingering a letter in her hand. "Mother?" she had murmured.

Her mother had whirled. "Oh, Liz!" Her voice had a strange, frightening sound. "Liz, I've had a letter from Dad's assistant at the mine. Dad's ill. I'll have to go to him."

Liz' heart had missed a beat. It was impossible to think of Dad being anything but Indian brown from the sun, and full of laughs; impossible to think of him lying ill in the remote Mexican village where he was chief engineer at a silver mine.

"I'll phone Belle and George tonight and see if it's all right for you to stay with them."

"All the way down in Florida?" Liz had answered numbly. Her mother's touch on her cheek had been light, but concerned.

"Darling, I'm afraid this shoots up Christmas. Do you mind?"

How could she mind anything when there was this trouble about Dad? But it would be so strange. No matter where Dad's work took him—South America, Colorado, Mexico—he somehow always got home for Christmas.

It seemed to Liz then that the worry became all mixed up with the excitement of taking her first long trip alone on the streamliner packed with tourists going to Florida. Aunt Belle and Uncle George had met her at Daytona, where Liz caught her first glimpse of the wide sands and the palms and felt the salt breeze blowing up from the sea. Hugging and being hugged by her aunt and uncle, her heart had lifted for a while. Aunt Belle looked so much like Mom, and Uncle George made a joke about expecting a little girl.

"I swear, Belle; if I wasn't thinking of little Liz in pigtails!"

Liz had laughed. "It's been five years since you've seen me. Why, I'm going on sixteen!" It sounded better than "I'm fifteen."



Liz was stunned. She had pinned all her hopes on Joe, and Joe had forgotten, too

It was only later, lying in the small bed in Aunt Belle's home, listening to the racket from the packing house, that the great wave of homesickness had hit her.

It was better when the letter came from Mom saying Dad was improving steadily and Liz was not to worry. There were other worries then—being an outsider at school, being painfully conscious of her hard New England accent among the soft, slow voices of the Southern boys and girls.

Joe Kennedy was the one who had made those first days bearable, introducing her around in his breezy way: "This is Liz Cornwall. You all probably won't understand a word this Yankee says, but I reckon we'll teach her how to talk. What do you say, Funny One?"

What could a girl do but laugh at and with Joe? He was special in so many ways—president of his senior class and a top student, even though he had to skip athletics.

"There's a mighty big clan of us Kennedys," Joe had said in his casual way. "Mom, and Mike—he's twelve and a caution—and Jeannie and then Pete, and the twins—Bobby and Beth. Takes a lot of shoes!"

Joe's father was dead, so he worked after school and on Saturdays to help his mother, and had to steal time for his one hobby—fishing. Joe was really special, and if anyone remembered Christmas, surely it would be Joe.

"Oh, Liz!" Aunt Belle's voice jarred Liz back to the present. "We're getting bogged down in there. Could you hurry with those labels, please?"

Liz flushed. "Right away, Aunt Belle." For a minute she felt flustered that Aunt Belle had found her mooning around when there was still so much work to be done. Helping out during the Christmas rush was something she really wanted to do for them; they were both so nice.

"And Liz, when you've finished that stack of labels would you go in and make up some sandwiches and coffee for us all? We won't have time for a decent meal."

"Of course," Liz said quickly. "But Aunt Belle—" she

was going to say, "About tomorrow . . . it's Christmas . . . is there anything you want me to do to get ready?"

Only Aunt Belle was saying, "Yes? Yes?" as if she were anxious to get back to work, and the words stuck in Liz' throat.

"Nothing," Liz said, trying to smile. But something was wrong. Aunt Belle and Uncle George weren't the kind of people who forgot Christmas, who acted as if it just didn't exist.

Hurriedly Liz finished the labels and went into the house. It was so still and dark outside, so hot. How could anyone even realize it was Christmas in a place like Florida, abloom with flowers and green grass! She put a loaf of bread on the table and began to slice it for the sandwiches, glancing anxiously at the clock.

Six thirty.

Back home Pat and Bill and Harvey would be hauling in the pine boughs for the church decorations. If I were home, Liz thought, I'd be doing that too. And Dad would be whistling off key with a wise look on his face as he sneaked things from the closets to their places under the tree. Mom would be wrapping Christmas cookies, and when supper was over they would light the tree. After that there would be the happy clamor as she got into the white robe of the junior choir. The best moment of all came then—first the hush that filled the church, glowing with candlelight, and then the soaring joy when the choir burst into "Hark the Herald Angels Sing." That was the brimming moment when every year she felt the peace and wonder of Christmas.

"Hark the herald angels sing," Liz began to sing softly, but her voice cracked suddenly. She remembered a line from the Bible—something about: "How can we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?"

"Well, how can I?" Liz said aloud. And then, "I'll be darned if I'll cry. I just won't cry." [Continued on page 29]

By Joan Yard

Treeland's Miss America

*Now is the time when the beauties of the
forest compete for top honors—
as they help celebrate the Christmastide*

If there's anything as American as an American girl, it's a Christmas tree! And what does the pretty little tree in the woods dream about, if not to leave her dark forest and journey to the big city, where she'll be garbed in holiday splendor of tinsel and twinkling stars, and shine before the whole world?

Every December one million evergreen beauties, chosen for their symmetrical loveliness, roll into New York City alone. It takes five hundred big freight cars, each bearing two thousand trees, just to get them in, to grace the wonderful Christmas parties. Every town and city in the United States has its corresponding flow.

Foreign travel? Of course! Each year thousands of our forest queens travel abroad, by sea and by air. Their destination is always an American Christmas party. For American families can manage to be happy in the burning heat of the Saudi Arabian oil fields, in the bitter cold and darkness of an outpost in Iceland, or on a barren coral isle like Okinawa. But—come Christmas—there must be a tree! And that's final!

Months before Christmas the United States Army acquires trees for its people on duty on foreign soil. The Navy ships that cruise the seven seas have their trees in cold storage. An American sailor can face typhoons and monsoons with only a pin-up girl—but not on Christmas day.

Altogether, according to statistics, some twenty-two million Christmas trees were decked by loving American

hands last year. They grew in various parts of the United States—New England, the South, the great Northwest. Among them were a number of distinctive types: fir, spruce, cedar, pine, cypress, hemlock, juniper. The Miss America of them all, is the balsam fir, native of Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont.

Of course the ratings for a tree are different from those for a girl—except perhaps for beauty of form. The lady of the woods must have: needles that cling tenaciously; limbs strong enough to hold ornaments and electric lights; foliage a handsome green and not too prickly; fragrant odor; branches that are supple, so they can be tied tightly for shipping, but will spring back when released.

Except for a few countries of Northern Europe, the Christmas-tree custom is virtually unknown outside the United States. Visitors to our country often are amazed at the twinkling forests that suddenly bloom in parlor windows, on village greens, in the midst of city skyscrapers. "Why, how did all this get started?" they are sure to ask.

Well—believe it or not—we learned it from our enemies!

The very first Christmas tree on American soil was decorated by Hessian soldiers during the Revolution. On Christmas, they lighted candles they'd fastened to the branches of an evergreen. From afar off, against the cold sky, it could be seen shimmering like a token of the peace and goodwill that ought to exist among all men. The ill-clad, hungry, shivering Americans were deeply

Workers go into the woodlands to select and cut the trees



A farmer's trees start their journey to the railroad





"Miss America" of Treeland is the balsam fir—supple but strong, fragrant, lovely, and long-lasting

touched by this tree that seemed to remind them of the starlight of Bethlehem. Eagerly, they accepted it as a symbol of human brotherhood.

In the Germany of the Hessians, the Yule tree was already very old. The early Teutons feared the dark winters, when evil spirits spread death among all the trees and bushes except the evergreens. They believed that the magical power of the evergreens protected them.

Americans, who from the days of the Revolution have regarded the Christmas tree as their very own, see in their lovely woodland queen a bearer of friendliness to all.

"But see here," someone objects, "isn't it wrong to chop down millions of trees just for a single holiday?"

"No," answers Uncle Sam, who has studied the matter carefully. "It's quite all right! Many young forest stands are so thick that thinnings are necessary to assure satisfactory growth of timber."

As you know, Treeland's Miss America has a friendly helper in spreading Christmas cheer. Her sister, the holly tree, with her red berries, is almost equally beloved.

The essence of Christmas is loving-kindness toward all. The holly wreath in our window speaks of it to the stranger who passes, the Christmas tree speaks of it with her shining branches and twinkling lights, as we gather around her to exchange our gifts. It almost seems that they are trying to whisper: "Let's keep good will and friendship ever green in these United States!"

Freight cars transport the woodland beauties to the cities



Five photos, U. S. Forest Service

The tradition of the Christmas tree came to us from overseas—but it's become truly American by now!



B. & O. R.R.

Carols are sung at the base of a giant holly tree, that has stood for a century at Jackson, Maryland

By Laura Vitray

Quest for liberty

Was gold the New World castle's greatest treasure? Or was it something else? Why did so many brave the terrors of the sea in small sailing vessels to reach America? How many passed the eastern gates of the new Promised Land before the Revolution?

W elcome, Englishmen!"

The Pilgrim fathers leaped to their feet, hands on their swords. They were meeting outdoors, on a balmy spring day. The *Mayflower* had landed their party at Plymouth Rock four days before Christmas—a white Christmas of cold and starvation. And—now the savages!

But the Indian who came out of the trees was smiling, with arms outstretched. He had picked up a few words of English from the fishing vessels that long had ranged the coast. "From Massasoit I come," he said. "Big chief want peace talk."

Soon the mighty Massasoit himself was seated on a makeshift throne of cushions the Pilgrim women had heaped on a green rug in their best house, and Governor Carver was greeting him, amid fanfare of trumpets.

The great sachem of New England's Indian federa-

The great sachem had a big surprise for the white men



Drawings by Peter Spier

tion had reserved his biggest surprise for this moment. At his side, in fine feathers, stood a brave who spoke English fluently, with the cultured accents of the British upper class. The astonished Pilgrims thought God had wrought a miracle.

It was a miracle that probably saved their lives. Six years before, Captain John Smith had sailed up this coast, charting it for the king. The captain of one of his vessels had kidnaped a group of youthful natives, and sold them as slaves at the port of Malaga, in Spain. The priests there had ransomed several of the youngsters.

One of these, Squanto, seeking a way home, was taken aboard a ship that dropped him off in England. Here he had been treated as a welcome guest in the finest homes and had quickly learned the language. His anger over the kidnaping faded. But when at last he did get back to New England, his whole tribe had been wiped out by pestilence. Squanto attached himself to Massasoit, whom he persuaded to deal with the English in friendly fashion.

The treaty Massasoit signed that day was faithfully kept for fifty years. With it, the portals of the New World castle swung open for Anglo-Saxon settlers—and their near neighbors in Western Europe—as they had for the Spanish a century before.

Those who came through the eastern portal had one thing in common—courage. The will to lead their own lives, according to their own precepts, no matter what that meant in suffering and privation. They could wrestle with a wilderness if that was the only way to be true to themselves. They came seeking freedom, the right to pursue happiness, opportunity for their children to enjoy fuller lives.

Those who pushed open America's "golden door" were fleeing a Europe that overflowed with misery. Religious intolerance flourished there. Each country had its established religion; dissenters often were punished with torture and death. Feudalism was breaking up; humble people were losing the security they had known for centuries, tilling the soil. In England, the great lords were driving their tenant farmers off the land, preferring to raise herds of sheep and sell the wool. Starving families

roamed the cities, punished for begging, thrust into prisons and poorhouses, dying of plague. Even those lucky enough to remain on the big estates had nothing to offer their children but serfdom.

The rivalries of kings bred endless wars, and the invention of gunpowder had brought new terrors. The romantic era of jousting knights was over. Young men were seized and sold as mercenaries, to fight for anyone ready to pay the price.

From these terrible misfortunes and injustices, men and women sought release—and the New World castle beckoned to them. Here they would breathe the free air and discover the light of a new hope.

But it did take courage to come! The castle moat was broad and terrifying; sailing vessels plowed through the storms of the Atlantic on voyages that lasted for several months. Epidemics, sickness, and death stalked their prey among the closely herded passengers. Only the most daring came to America. Europe was sifted of the strong; the weak stayed behind and endured Europe's distress.

The indomitable courage and enterprise of these early settlers were a major contribution to the future of America. They help explain the speed with which an untamed wilderness was overcome, a great nation born and made ready for a place of leadership.

But courage was not the only gift the Anglo-Saxons brought with them. In spite of all the squalor and chaos in the England of their time, ideas of self-government and the rights of man were slowly being forged there. The people who came to America had no intention of losing any of these gains. The Pilgrims made sure of that when they signed their famous Compact in the cabin of the *Mayflower* before they landed, calling for a "civic body politic" with "just and equal laws." Justice and equality were to become the recognized cornerstones of a new life in the New World.

Of course, there is always likely to be a gap between principles and practices. Sometimes it may even be hard to see the road down which an accepted ideal points. The Pilgrims and the Puritans, dissenters from the Church of England, were long intolerant of those who did not conform to their own religious views. A group who left the Massachusetts colony on that account established Rhode Island, and were the first to recognize the right to complete religious liberty. Here was another important contribution to the principles we regard today as so thoroughly American.

Freedom from serfdom had its own long struggle for recognition as a basic human right—in spite of the fact that America's door had swung wide to offer haven to Europe's serfs. The English adventurers who had founded Jamestown thirteen years before the Pilgrims arrived discovered that their profitable tobacco plantations required many sturdy workers. The slums and alleys of London were raked for volunteers. Thousands of young boys and girls were kidnaped on London streets and shipped off to Virginia. Debtors prisons and others were emptied for more. Destitute people in English cities often eagerly sold themselves as indentured servants for a period of years, after which they would have earned freedom and land of their own in the New World.

All these, too, had a love of liberty, and were determined not to see it denied. Their will to be free and equal brought about an event of profound importance in the growth of things American.

Sir Robert Rich, a member of the Virginia Company in London, which managed the [Continued on page 43]



It was on this day that men in bondage were set free



As freedom won a victory, the shame of slavery rose



Teen-agers shared the hardships of those early times

By Laura Vitray

Quest for liberty

Was gold the New World castle's greatest treasure? Or was it something else? Why did so many brave the terrors of the sea in small sailing vessels to reach America? How many passed the eastern gates of the new Promised Land before the Revolution?

W elcome, Englishmen!"

The Pilgrim fathers leaped to their feet, hands on their swords. They were meeting outdoors, on a balmy spring day. The *Mayflower* had landed their party at Plymouth Rock four days before Christmas—a white Christmas of cold and starvation. And—now the savages!

But the Indian who came out of the trees was smiling, with arms outstretched. He had picked up a few words of English from the fishing vessels that long had ranged the coast. "From Massasoit I come," he said. "Big chief want peace talk."

Soon the mighty Massasoit himself was seated on a makeshift throne of cushions the Pilgrim women had heaped on a green rug in their best house, and Governor Carver was greeting him, amid fanfare of trumpets.

The great sachem of New England's Indian federa-

The great sachem had a big surprise for the white men



Drawings by Peter Spier

tion had reserved his biggest surprise for this moment. At his side, in fine feathers, stood a brave who spoke English fluently, with the cultured accents of the British upper class. The astonished Pilgrims thought God had wrought a miracle.

It was a miracle that probably saved their lives. Six years before, Captain John Smith had sailed up this coast, charting it for the king. The captain of one of his vessels had kidnaped a group of youthful natives, and sold them as slaves at the port of Malaga, in Spain. The priests there had ransomed several of the youngsters.

One of these, Squanto, seeking a way home, was taken aboard a ship that dropped him off in England. Here he had been treated as a welcome guest in the finest homes and had quickly learned the language. His anger over the kidnaping faded. But when at last he did get back to New England, his whole tribe had been wiped out by pestilence. Squanto attached himself to Massasoit, whom he persuaded to deal with the English in friendly fashion.

The treaty Massasoit signed that day was faithfully kept for fifty years. With it, the portals of the New World castle swung open for Anglo-Saxon settlers—and their near neighbors in Western Europe—as they had for the Spanish a century before.

Those who came through the eastern portal had one thing in common—courage. The will to lead their own lives, according to their own precepts, no matter what that meant in suffering and privation. They could wrestle with a wilderness if that was the only way to be true to themselves. They came seeking freedom, the right to pursue happiness, opportunity for their children to enjoy fuller lives.

Those who pushed open America's "golden door" were fleeing a Europe that overflowed with misery. Religious intolerance flourished there. Each country had its established religion; dissenters often were punished with torture and death. Feudalism was breaking up; humble people were losing the security they had known for centuries, tilling the soil. In England, the great lords were driving their tenant farmers off the land, preferring to raise herds of sheep and sell the wool. Starving families

roamed the cities, punished for begging, thrust into prisons and poorhouses, dying of plague. Even those lucky enough to remain on the big estates had nothing to offer their children but serfdom.

The rivalries of kings bred endless wars, and the invention of gunpowder had brought new terrors. The romantic era of jousting knights was over. Young men were seized and sold as mercenaries, to fight for anyone ready to pay the price.

From these terrible misfortunes and injustices, men and women sought release—and the New World castle beckoned to them. Here they would breathe the free air and discover the light of a new hope.

But it did take courage to come! The castle moat was broad and terrifying; sailing vessels plowed through the storms of the Atlantic on voyages that lasted for several months. Epidemics, sickness, and death stalked their prey among the closely herded passengers. Only the most daring came to America. Europe was sifted of the strong; the weak stayed behind and endured Europe's distress.

The indomitable courage and enterprise of these early settlers were a major contribution to the future of America. They help explain the speed with which an untamed wilderness was overcome, a great nation born and made ready for a place of leadership.

But courage was not the only gift the Anglo-Saxons brought with them. In spite of all the squalor and chaos in the England of their time, ideas of self-government and the rights of man were slowly being forged there. The people who came to America had no intention of losing any of these gains. The Pilgrims made sure of that when they signed their famous Compact in the cabin of the *Mayflower* before they landed, calling for a "civic body politic" with "just and equal laws." Justice and equality were to become the recognized cornerstones of a new life in the New World.

Of course, there is always likely to be a gap between principles and practices. Sometimes it may even be hard to see the road down which an accepted ideal points. The Pilgrims and the Puritans, dissenters from the Church of England, were long intolerant of those who did not conform to their own religious views. A group who left the Massachusetts colony on that account established Rhode Island, and were the first to recognize the right to complete religious liberty. Here was another important contribution to the principles we regard today as so thoroughly American.

Freedom from serfdom had its own long struggle for recognition as a basic human right—in spite of the fact that America's door had swung wide to offer haven to Europe's serfs. The English adventurers who had founded Jamestown thirteen years before the Pilgrims arrived discovered that their profitable tobacco plantations required many sturdy workers. The slums and alleys of London were raked for volunteers. Thousands of young boys and girls were kidnaped on London streets and shipped off to Virginia. Debtors prisons and others were emptied for more. Destitute people in English cities often eagerly sold themselves as indentured servants for a period of years, after which they would have earned freedom and land of their own in the New World.

All these, too, had a love of liberty, and were determined not to see it denied. Their will to be free and equal brought about an event of profound importance in the growth of things American.

Sir Robert Rich, a member of the Virginia Company in London, which managed the [Continued on page 43]



It was on this day that men in bondage were set free



As freedom won a victory, the shame of slavery rose



Teen-agers shared the hardships of those early times

By Alice C. Sanderson

Cooking with Judy

Our American Girl cook has recipes for holiday

good things—to serve and to give—

that are easy to make, inexpensive, and delicious

Something smells good!" exclaimed Judy, slipping into her apron.

"The good things we are going to make for holiday giving and serving will taste just as good," promised Miss Sanderson, the home-economist friend who is teaching Judy to be a good cook and have fun doing it. "What you smell is Mulled Apple Juice. I thought you'd like a hot drink."

"Delectious!" was Judy's verdict. "Perfect for holiday serving, after a caroling, a tree trimming, or a skating party. May I have the recipe?"

"Of course. And you will find good recipes for other hot drinks like Wassail, Mulled Cider or Mulled Grape Juice, in your mother's cookbook."

Hot mulled apple juice

1 quart apple juice 4 whole cloves
1 two-inch stick cinnamon ½ cup sugar

Combine ingredients, breaking cinnamon into small pieces, in saucepan. Bring to boil. Cover and simmer 10 minutes. Strain. Serve hot in mugs, with cinnamon-stick stirrer. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

"Cinnamon, dates, apples, popcorn—but what is the flower holder for?" asked Judy.

"To hold our Taffy Apples. It is a good way to dry them and an attractive way to serve them. Suppose you make the sirup? I've already put the candy thermometer in lukewarm water and heated the water to boiling, to make sure the thermometer registers 212° at boiling, and so is accurate. I'll give you a chart for the cold-water test, too, that you can keep in that cooking file you are making."

Cold-water test

	Temp.	Test
Soft ball	230°	Forms into ball, but flattens out
Firm ball	240°	Holds shape until pressed
Hard ball	250°	Hard, firm ball
Soft crack	260°	Separates into threads, but is not brittle
Hard crack	290°	Separates into hard, brittle threads

Taffy apples

15-20 medium-sized apples 4 cups granulated sugar
Sticks or skewers (2 pounds)
1 cup light corn sirup 2⅔ cups evaporated milk



Accessories, Bloomingdale's

Wash and dry apples and insert sticks or skewers. Put sirup, sugar, and ⅔ cup of the milk in a large, heavy kettle. Blend well. Heat slowly, stirring constantly, until sugar is dissolved. Cook quickly to a thick sirup, stirring constantly. Add remainder of milk slowly. Keep mixture boiling briskly. Cook to 240°, or firm-ball stage, stirring constantly to prevent scorching. (Watch carefully, for this scorches easily.) Remove from heat and let stand until bubbling stops.

Working quickly, dip apples one at a time into mixture, twirling the apples to get a smooth coating. If mixture becomes hard, add a little evaporated milk and reheat, stirring to keep smooth. The mixture should be quite hot, so the coating will not be too heavy. Set apples in flower holder, or on heavy wax paper, to dry.

"What next?" Judy set the last candy apple in the holder.

"How about stuffing some dates? I'll get the fillings ready while you pit the dates."

Stuffed dates

Remove pits from dates and stuff with:

Half a marshmallow. Warm in oven. Roll in cinnamon and sugar.

Nuts. Roll in sugar, or a mixture of cocoa and cinnamon; or dip in melted chocolate.

Candied cherries, grapefruit or orange rind, citron, or pineapple; preserved ginger; seeded raisins.

Salted almonds. Brush with slightly beaten egg white and roll in shredded coconut.

"I have a good recipe for stuffed dates, too," Judy said. "I like it because I love peanut butter."

Orange popcorn balls

2 cups sugar	$\frac{2}{3}$ cup orange juice
1 cup evaporated milk	4 quarts popped corn
4 teaspoons grated orange rind	(about $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups unpopped corn)

Mix sugar, milk, rind, and juice in 3-quart saucepan. Bring to boil, stirring constantly until sugar is dissolved. Boil over medium heat until candy reaches firm-ball stage (240°) stirring frequently.

Pour all at once over popcorn and stir until all corn is coated. With wet hands, shape quickly into 3" balls. Makes 24 balls.

"We really should have some red and green sweets, for Christmas colors," remarked Judy.

"We have! They need about four hours to cool and set, so I made some ahead of time for you to taste."

Jellied apple crystals

6 envelopes unflavored gelatin	3 cups sugar
1 cup cold water	2 tablespoons lemon juice
2 cups canned applesauce	2 teaspoons grated lemon rind
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup orange juice
1 tablespoon grated orange rind	

Soften gelatin in cold water 5 minutes. Mix remaining ingredients in saucepan. Bring to boil. Add softened gelatin and stir until dissolved. Boil slowly 15 minutes. If you wish to color the candy, add red or green coloring, a few drops at a time, before pouring into a 9" x 9" x 2" pan. Chill about 4 hours, or until firm. Cut into squares with a wet knife and roll in sugar. Makes 36 squares.

"I thought you might like to use this pretty, light metal box to send some of these sweets to that aunt you've been trying to impress with your cooking ability," Miss Sanderson said. "Attractive cardboard boxes make nice containers for gifts, too. Sometimes I use small baskets instead."

Judy put a cushion of crushed tissue paper on the bottom of the metal box. Then she wrapped the sweets individually in wax paper or aluminum foil and set them in neat rows on the paper. She added another layer of crushed paper, another layer of sweets, and so on until the box was filled, finishing with a layer of paper.

"Use good strong paper for the outside wrapping," Miss Sanderson advised, "and mark the parcel 'Fragile. Handle with Care.' Here is a big basket you can borrow to carry home your holiday sweets."

"My brothers will probably eat up most of these, but it will be fun making more for Christmas."

"I'm sure your friends will enjoy them. Judy, do you realize it will be next year before our next cooking session? I thought that would be a good time to talk about large-size recipes for club suppers or Girl Scout troop dinners. Meantime, our readers can send in recipes for holiday serving and giving that they would like to share."

"Sounds good to me," Judy said. "Merry Christmas, Miss Sanderson—and do come to see our tree."

"Indeed I will. Merry Christmas to you, Judy—and Merry Christmas and Happy Holidays to our readers!"

*Send your holiday recipes to the Cooking Editor, The American Girl Magazine, 155 East 44th Street, N.Y. 17, N.Y. Recipes must be mailed before December 21. For each recipe printed in the issues which feature readers' recipes we will pay five dollars. All recipes become the property of The American Girl and cannot be returned.



Mas Ito photograph

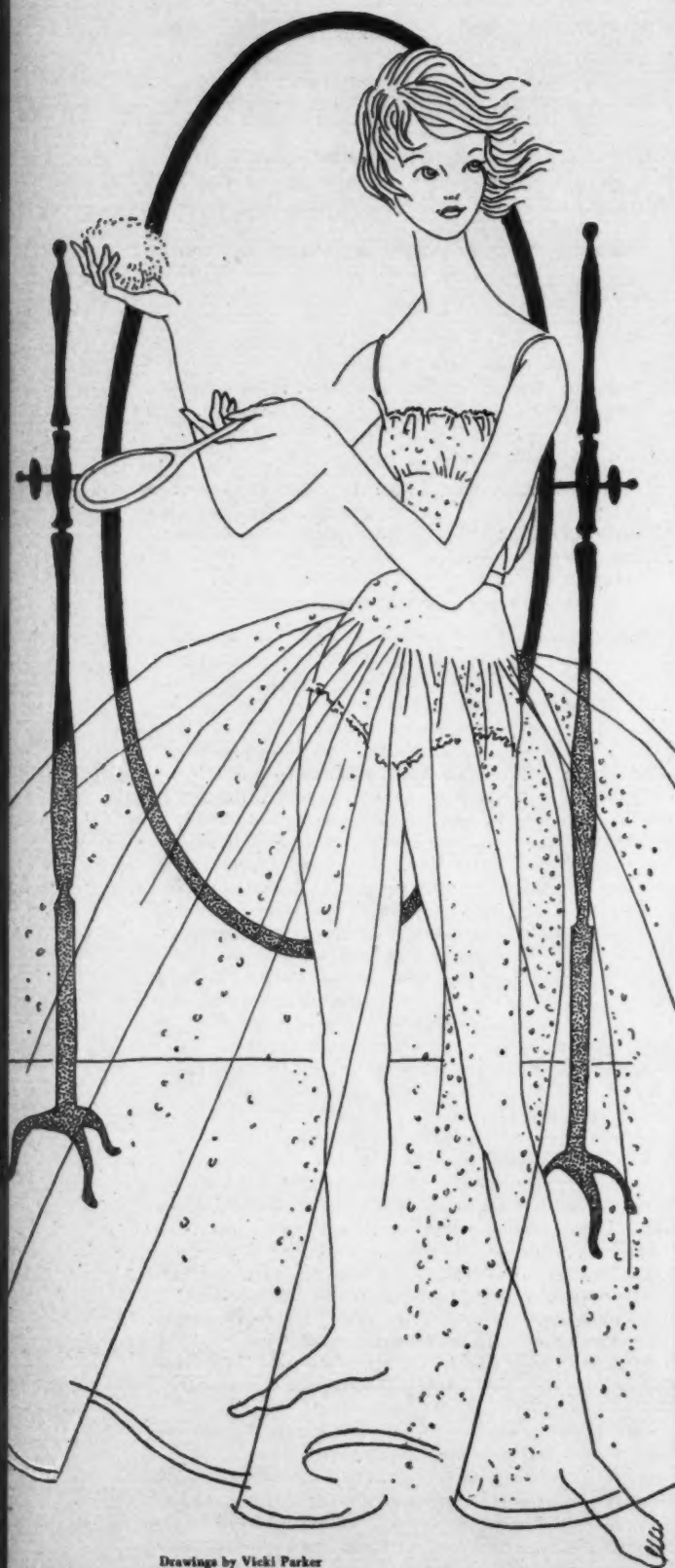
Date ships

Pitted dates	Peanut butter
	Shelled peanuts

Stuff dates with peanut butter. Insert halves of peanuts for sails.

As she stuffed dates, Judy had been dipping into the bowl of popcorn. "Maybe we'd better do something with this," she suggested, "before I eat it all!"

"Good idea!" laughed Miss Sanderson. "That's for Orange Popcorn Balls. They make good-to-eat Christmas-tree decorations, and are fine treats for holiday visitors. When we make the balls, we want to remember to wet our hands frequently in cold water, so they won't stick to the sirup on the popcorn."



Drawings by Vicki Parker

By Glynne

Two- to get ready!

You're the Cinderella tonight, with just two hours to complete the magic that will turn you into a princess for the ball!

It's a formal—the one you've been looking forward to ever since Thanksgiving. Your gown is waiting in the closet—pale, misty, and perfect. You're standing by the clock. Two hours to go. Two hours in which to change yourself into a shining princess.

It's not a simple matter, for there's a world of difference between a Saturday-night shindig and a holiday formal. The things you will need are time, care, and an excited inner glow that comes from knowing "tonight it's formal!"

Actually, you started getting ready weeks ago—the day you chose your gown. Since then, you've been carefully adding accessories: evening slippers, a tiny pouch bag, white gloves; perhaps hair ornaments, a tiara, or matching ribbon. And everything lies tissue-papered and new—in readiness—for tonight at eight thirty.

But now, where do you start? In the bath, of course. It's a good thing you warned the family ahead of time. This way you can count on the bathroom for a long half hour—or more.

Since this is no ordinary night, your tub of rainbow bubbles is no everyday bath. It should be a joyous affair—like stepping barefoot on a thick velvety carpet, or eating fresh apricot mousse. First, you need a water softener. Is it to be bath oil, bath crystals, or bubble bath? All are fine when used properly. If you choose oil, fill the tub first, before pouring in a good tablespoon. For crystals, run a little water into the tub. Pour in the crystals, swishing the water about to help them dissolve. Then add water to fill the tub. The "bubble bathers" simply throw a handful of granules into a dry tub, then turn on the faucet full blast.

Make sure the water is soothingly warm—not lobster hot—and take a few minutes to sink back and relax. Your curls—for you shampooed and set your hair last night—are snug and dry in their hair net, under a rubber bathing cap. And yesterday's manicure has turned your nails into shiny pink ovals. And so . . . why not dream contentedly? Sometimes leisurely thinking can be rewarding. If you're going solo to the party, let your thoughts meander over to a couple of your favorite people who'll be there. Which of their interests are—or could

be—yours? If you are going with a date . . . think . . . what do you like most about him? What ideas are fun to talk about together?

But . . . wake up, Cinderella! Your soaking minutes are up. Reach for a clean washcloth and soap, and lather yourself all over, scrubbing your elbows, feet, knees; giving special care to tiny crevices and joints, ears, neck, backs of knees, eyelids. Your shoulders and back may be on view tonight, so give them a party special with a back brush, a slather of suds, and a few ounces of elbow grease. They'll be rosy and satiny all evening.

Rinse off under a tepid shower. Then, gently, ease yourself out—no hopping allowed—and wrap yourself up in a great Turkish towel till you're dry. A deodorant, next, is pure logic; but the tingling cologne you splash all over your skin is sheer luxury. Watch that your cologne harmonizes with the perfume you'll dab on later.

In case that's you, smiling at yourself in the glass, hold it! A wide smile facilitates tooth brushing. So sweep right in and give your teeth a vigorous cleansing. Here's to a pearly smile all night long! Now rinse your mouth, and you're off to a clean, sweet-smelling beginning.

Fine feathers for your formal

Dressing is a lark. It takes a few minutes to slip into freshly laundered underwear, diaphanous sheer stockings; and to don pretty party slippers. The current rage in evening slippers is gold or silver kid sandals on flat or Cuban heels. These shoes are not only *femme fatale* to look at but are also light and airy on dancing feet.

And now the gown. It's a breath-taking creation. A tug at the zipper, and it's all in place—the yards and yards of frothy tulle or taffeta swirling in all directions with your smallest move. And you have a wonderful idea. You're going to wear your corsage of sweetheart roses on a ribbon on the inside of your arm, just below your elbow. This way you and your dancing partner will smell fresh flowers with every dance.

Now is the time for hair combing and make-up. Both do magical things for your appearance. After tucking a protective plastic cape or towel around your shoulders, undo your hair net, and take out your hairpins. Now start by gently brushing out your hair, before combing it into the style it was set for. Although some experts advise you to apply make-up first, while your hair is tucked out of the way, we are all for combing out your hair beforehand. For only when you see the finished effect of hair framed around your face, can you apply make-up properly. So, keep right on brushing. And as your hair shines glossier and brighter, note that the final rinse your hair got yesterday before setting—the mixture of two glasses of hot water and the strained juice of one lemon—was not all in vain!

Clues about coifs

Do all your experimenting in the way of hair styles in advance. It's best that tonight's hairdo should be a favorite, a coif you're sure is becoming to you.

Perennially in vogue for shoulder-length hair is the almost classical pony tail. On a gamin-type face, this style, worn with bangs in front, is a guaranteed charmer. The tail should be slicked back and anchored high near the top of the head to give that graceful swoop. For a festive touch, loop a tiny wreath of posies high over the tail. Any shortie cut—curly or straight—can be enhanced by a glittering headband. Or buy a plain band and

insert your own fresh flowers on one side for glamour.

If you wear glasses—and today's styles are so attractive, they're almost an asset—be sure to keep your hair back from your face. If you want to wear bangs—do, but keep them short. And don't let side curls reach in too far over your face.

A dab of this . . . and that

Patience . . . you're on the last round. This is make-up time. Undeniably it is fun to toy with the pretty pots



and jars on your dressing table. But a wizard make-up job demands both concentration and a certain know-how.

On hand you should have a powder base—a mild hand lotion will do—powder, lipstick, rouge—if you are pale—and a jar of vaseline. Taboo is mascara or eye shadow.

Begin your make-up by applying powder base sparingly all over your face and neck. This will cover minor blemishes. Next—the tiniest dab of rouge. Apply two small dots—one on the high point of the cheekbone, the other level with the tip of the nose, under the center of the eye. Blend up and out toward the temple. Now, with a clean puff, pat powder over your face—sparingly. Remove the excess with clean cotton. For the dewy-eyed look that makes boys swoon, tip your eyebrow brush with vaseline and gently brush your lashes up; then your eyebrows—first up, then out.

Now for lipstick. This can enliven your whole ensemble. Choose a rosy pink or clear red. Apply it—with a lipbrush only if you're used to it—firmly, following the natural curves of your mouth. Blot with a clean tissue—and smile! Are there any red smudges on your teeth?

The moment has arrived when you fasten those diminutive pearl earrings to your ear lobes, touch your wrists, temples, and neck with an irresistible perfume.

A few minutes later your gold-threaded evening bag is dangling on your arm, and suddenly streamers of excitement burst through the air as you float to the most wonderful party of the year.

Here is your own department in the magazine. Send us your best original short stories, nonfiction, poems, photographs, and drawings. See page 49 for details



Art award
Jane Larson (age 14)
Villa Park, Illinois



First art award
Wendy Rhoads (age 14)
St. Joe, Michigan



Photography award
Sharon Taylor (age 16)
Marsland, Nebraska

First fiction award

The Christmas doll

It was Christmas morning! I jumped out of bed and ran into my parents' bedroom.

"Mama, may I get up?" I asked.

"No!" said Mother.

"Mama, it's Christmas," I pleaded. There was no answer.

"Daddy, may I get up?" I whispered.

"Sure," he grunted.

"No," said my mother.

"Paquita," said Daddy, sitting up on the side of the bed; "It's Christmas. Can't you see Robin is going downstairs whether she has our consent or not?"

"I don't care if the world is bottom side up! She is going back to bed!" Mother opened one sleepy eye and closed it hastily.

I was sure my mother had lost her mind. Go back to bed on Christmas morning. I couldn't stand it!

Daddy opened the window blinds and lit a cigarette. "Go on," he grinned. "She just isn't awake yet."

I raced for the stairs yelling at the top of my lungs. That did it! My brother Buddy woke up, and I had to run back and put his robe on him. Again I started for the tree.

"Robin, put on the coffee," yelled Daddy. Would I never get to the tree! I dashed to the kitchen and quickly filled the coffeepot and started once more toward the Christmas tree.

"Robin, wait for me," called Daddy, and we all tumbled into the living room together. Buddy's eyes opened as large as saucers. He let out a war whoop and headed for a bright-red tricycle. And—Oh, my! Wasn't that the little white radio I had been admiring for weeks in a downtown shopwindow? And joy of joys, an overnight bag with my own initials on it. Was there hose, too? Oh, surely there was hose. The other girls were already wearing the seamless kind to Sunday school, and I was the only one still wearing socks in my class. There were packages gay with bright colored ribbons still to be opened. Maybe . . . But wait a moment. Something was missing. Something that should be under the tree. Something that had been under every Christmas tree that I could remember. A doll. A doll with curls and bright smiling eyes. There must be some mistake. I looked carefully around the room and there stood Mother smiling in the doorway and holding a doll in her hands. The doll moved and gave a tiny hiccup. I laughed. For a few minutes I had forgotten all about my new two-weeks-old sister. That's why Mother had been so sleepy this morning. Babies have a way of mixing their days and nights.

I held out my arms and Mother [Continued on page 46]



Bea Pancoast photo

Stag tuxedo by "After Six"

Prize purchase

First on the program . . . Ketti Madison's dance dress in the romantic manner. Halter neck, rhinestone-traced, meets high back to show off pretty shoulders. The skirt . . . a cloud of gentle folds with cummerbund belt. Very effective too, the shadowy décolletage of matching slip. Dupioni silk in sunset rose, rainbow hue, or Mexicali gold; 8-14 subteen, about \$20. Stores on page 49



Belmo bags; Coro jewelry; Foot Flairs shoes; Glentex scarf; headwear by Ira Weisman

Holiday on the town

*Four breathtakingly beautiful dresses to make
all your fairy-tale evenings come true.*

*The mood is festive... the lines, pure magic...
the time, right now. Stores on page 49*



Bea Pancoast photos

Far left: Make ready for a social whirl. Start with a twill-back velveteen in-or-overblouse (matching belt is optional); pink or aqua, about \$6. Step two: a three-layered dance skirt . . . tulle, velveteen, and taffeta . . . pink or aqua overlayed with white frosting; about \$15. By Miss Ilene, both 8-14 subteen

Left: Very plushy for star-studded occasions. The top . . . sleeveless, scooped, and fitted for in-or-out wear, with sunburst rhinestone pin just below shoulderline; about \$7. Softly pleated skirt worn with or without rhinestone-buckled belt; about \$11. Both black velveteen; 8-16 teen, by College Teen

Above: East meets West . . . An all-over East Indian print, sari-type bands squaring the neck, defining the torso . . . Utterly feminine in line . . . In a blend of silk and crystal-acetate yarn; white, rose, or aqua ground; all with green velvet belt. By Petiteen; 8-14 subteen, with matching camisole slip; about \$17

Right: A black-and-white confection full of froth and flavor. The shapely jersey top, making a special point of a V-neck piped in satin; about \$8. Multiple-layered skirt . . . tulle, velveteen, taffeta, and stiffened petticoat with elasticized velveteen waistband; \$18. Both 7-15 for teens, by Ilene Ricky



Bea Pancoast photo

Bates home furnishings; Honeybugs slippers

Holiday at home

A hint to fond parents . . . fashion's newest understatements to sweet-talk a girl's leisure hours. Stores on page 49

Left: For forty winks or more, Slumbertogs' Capri nightshirt cut straight and loose with shirttail sides and snug-cuffed sleeves. Very new . . . the triangular bib-yoke buttoning neck-high and matching pocket shape. Blue or pink striped wallpaper print on white flannelette; 10-14 subteen, about \$4

Center: Pajama ensemble by Bonnie Frances with a bow to the East. Two-piece pajamas feature the new oriental influence . . . mandarin collar and houseboy trousers . . . about \$4. Quilted study coat ending pertly at hipline with tie-belt, about \$6. Both 8-16 teen, pink or lilac print on white cotton challis

Right: At home with a pretty cover-up . . . Geisha's quilted cotton robe, a graceful princess sweep from snug collar to ankles stopping for effect and utility at two large crescent pockets. White ground dotted with tiny blue or red roses and matching corduroy collar and cuffs; 10-14 subteen, about \$8

By Ida M. Pardue

Try a newspaper party

Stop the presses! Here's big news for an extra!

Reporters are swallowing pi and ink

as they write whodunits on sundry villains!

Who? You! Why? Because it's exciting news. When? Next Saturday night. Where? At your house. And what a scoop you'll have with your surprises for the guests at your newspaper party!

The newsy invitations are 3" x 6" pieces of newspaper, folded in half. On the inside of each one, paste a 3" square of white paper. On the white paper, write the invitation, want-ad style:

Want Ad. Mary Jones is wanted at a Newspaper Party at my house—112 W. 7th Street—on December 17, 1955, at 7:00 P.M. Alice Wilson.

Place cards are made from 3" squares of plain white paper, folded in half. On each one, paste newspaper letters to spell a guest's name. Cut the letters small enough to fit across the front of a place card. You can scramble the letters, if you like.

For each guest, cut a 9" x 15" table mat out of newspaper—with pinking shears, if possible. You can make baskets, too, from newspaper—5" squares, just like the ones you used to make in kindergarten. Cellophane-tape the seams together.

For refreshments, guests should be delighted with pi (the printing term for jumbled type)—pie, to you—and printer's ink (grape drink). The little baskets can hold

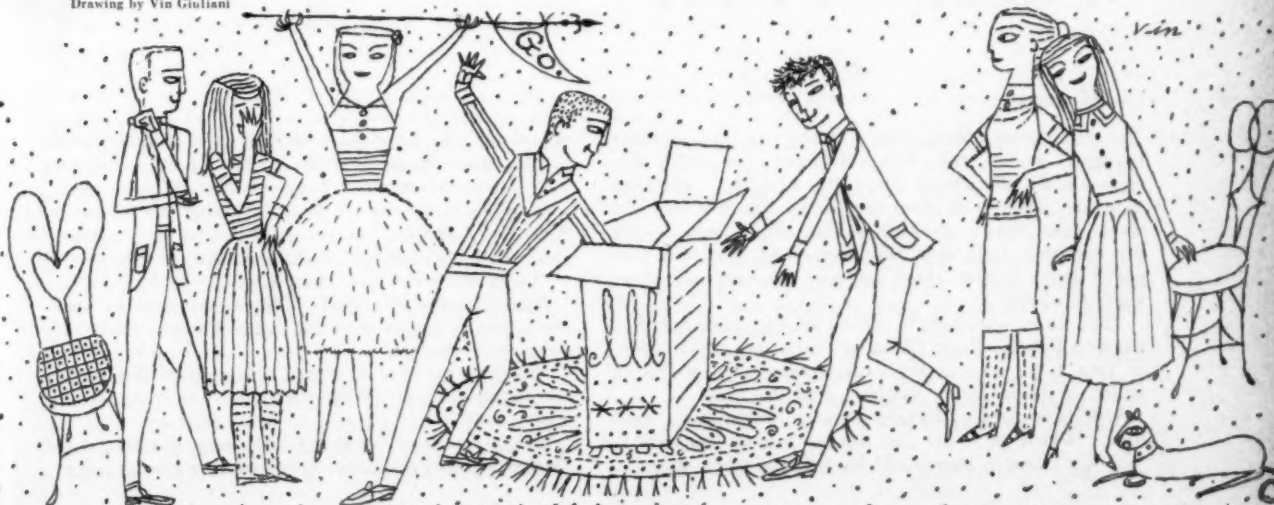
obits. These are cereal bits, buttered and salted like popcorn.

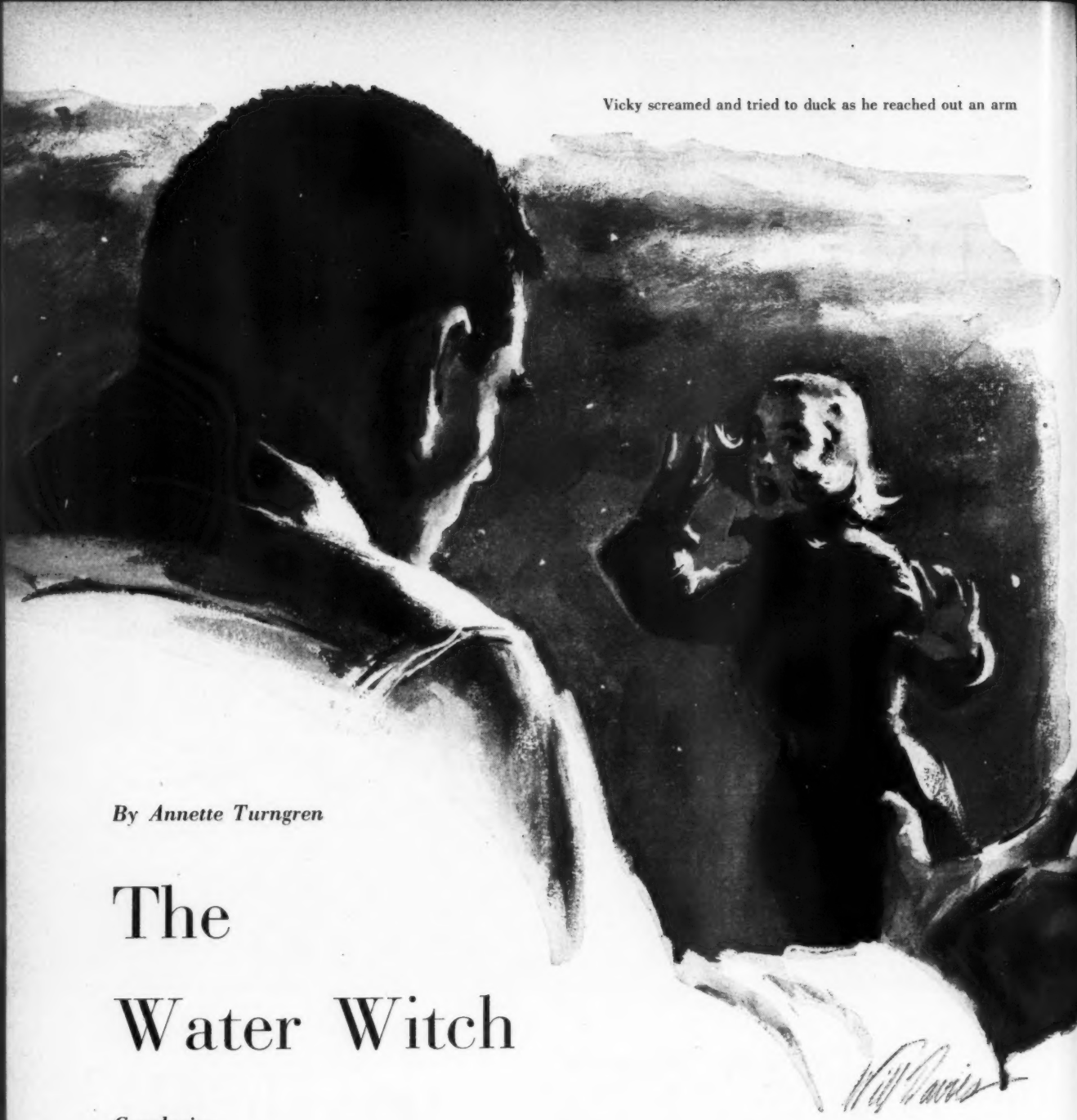
Here are some games that will give your guests a newsboy's appetite.

Getting the paper out is a giggle-getter, so makes a good starting game. Use a tall, empty cardboard carton. Get one from the grocery store about 3 feet tall. Stand it in the middle of the room. For each player, toss into the carton a 2" square of newspaper. Make up two teams. Line teams up on opposite sides of the room. At the word "Go!" a player from each side races to get a paper out of the box. No fair tipping the box! And a player may reach in with only one hand. As soon as a player gets a paper, he races back to tag a teammate for a turn. The first team to finish, wins.

Finding funny people. From old Sunday papers, cut out the pictures of ten popular comic characters. Cellophane-tape each one to a separate sheet of scratch paper. Number the sheets from 1 to 10. Now scatter the pictures all over a room; fasten them, with tape, in unlikely places—under furniture, on the floor, on chair backs, behind doors, and upside down on walls. Pass out paper and pencils. The first player to find and name all 10 of the characters correctly, wins. [Continued on page 35]

Drawing by Vin Giuliani





Vicky screamed and tried to duck as he reached out an arm

By Annette Turngren

The Water Witch

Conclusion

The McGoverns, from Sara's mother to the pint-size youngest, missed Jed. Vicky did, too. She stood disconsolate by the corral fence the next day, watching Sara and Bobby rub down the horses. She felt lost and lonely, and Sara's cheerful baiting didn't help to fill the void that Jed's departure had made. Even the borrowed horse looked about for him restlessly and gave a gentle whinny.

"You know something?" Bobby asked, pausing with a hand on Punch's flank. "That picture of the Witch. Maybe that fence was in the canyon once, and somebody pulled it down, so we wouldn't find it."

Vicky and Sara exchanged glances. "Bright boy," said Sara. "Who'd go to all that trouble just to fool us?"

"I don't know. They could have had a fence built for

one of the sets in that movie and then torn it down again."

"Oh, that," Sara said. She picked up the currycomb and brush and began to work on Babe's other side.

"And while we chased around hunting for fences, the Witch was whisked off to a place that didn't have a fence. Is that it, Bobby?" Vicky asked.

"Don't encourage him," Sara said.

Bobby grinned cheerfully. "When you want to find a horse, you're supposed to ask yourself where you'd go if you were a horse and . . ."

"Now you've done it, Vicky," Sara lifted Babe's hoof and examined it. "Why don't we ask Sukie for a theory, too?"

"No, but wait—" Vicky was frowning, lost in thought. "Where would I whisk the horse off to if I were going to

hide her?" she asked dreamily. "You've given me an idea, Bobby. You've reminded me of something, and I don't know why I haven't thought of it before. If you'll let me ride Punch today, maybe I can do something about it."

"Why do you think I've been grooming him?" Bobby asked. "Any time, Vicky, any time."

Vicky was still smiling over Bobby's eagerness when Sara and she rode off that afternoon into the canyon. She led the way up to the mesa, as Jed had done that first day when they had hunted for the Witch. "I didn't want to raise any false hopes," she said, when Sara and she were riding side by side again, "but it struck me when Bobby was talking. That old game I used to play when I was a kid. You hold something in your hand, and the other person has to guess which hand it's in."

"Sure. I always lost," Sara laughed.

"I almost always won," Vicky said, smiling. "Not when I was Sukie's age, though. Then if they guessed left hand one time, I'd put it in the right hand the next time."

"So what did you do to win?"

"I discovered it was safer to put it back in the hand which had just been searched," Vicky said. "And it just occurred to me—what if the Witch has been put in a place that has already been searched?"

Sara stared at her. "But that's hopeless. There isn't any place we haven't searched!"

"No, but the very first place we looked, Jed and I, was the mesa. There's an abandoned mine up here, as I suppose you know. Jed headed for it right away. But there wasn't any sign of the Witch."

"Well?" said Sara.

Vicky pushed her hat back and looked straight ahead over the sands. "I don't suppose it was any secret, our going to the mine," she went on. "So if someone knew we'd already searched around the mine, he might think it was a good place to hide the Witch."

Sara said nothing, but her face was puckered with thought as they rode along. After a long pause, she said, "Taking that picture might make sense if you're right. It could have been taken just to mislead us. We certainly weren't going to look into an old mine if we concentrated on finding a mysterious corral."

"Of course we don't know if it's even possible to hide a horse in the mine," Vicky said. "Jed went up on the ridge to where they'd once sunk a shaft." And suddenly she knew where it was that Jed had had that quiver from his Geiger counter. She remembered his telling her about it when they had been at the mine. "Oh, I am a dope!" she said.

It sounded like more wild imagining when she tried to put into words her suspicions of the night before—how she had kept coming back to the uranium business, how she had wondered if that couldn't have been responsible somehow for the theft of the Witch. "But don't you see, Sara," she finished, "even if the uranium wasn't the thing Hal was jealous of, there was still Charlotte. She was trying to make him jealous, and he might have done it to get even with Jed, or something."

"Oh, he could have been jealous," Sara said slowly, "but why wreck his career in order to get even? And I sort of like Hal."

"So do I," Vicky said defensively. "I like Miles, too, and Mr. Oldham, when he isn't being impossible."

"I can't see Miles doing it," Sara went on. "If he has money in the picture, he'd do all he could to make it a success. He isn't much of an actor, and Peg Oldham

told me he was hoping to be a producer some day."

"Well, there's Mr. Oldham," Vicky said. "He dashed off to Holbrook the same day we went searching for the horse by helicopter. Took the gang along, Charlotte said."

"He couldn't have sent the camera back then," Sara said. "It had arrived when we got home that day."

"I know," Vicky felt as though they might as well turn the horses around and go home. She had plunged in without thinking the thing through, as usual, and Sara had calmly disposed of every theory she had built up.

At the top of the ridge the girls dismounted and led the horses down to the sidehill. Here there was loose sand and Punch almost slid to his knees. When he regained his footing, he raised his head and let out a sharp nicker.

Sara swung around to look at him. "Now what was that for, Punch?" she asked.

Punch tossed his head and whinnied again, and the echo came back to them from the hill.

Or was it an echo? Vicky held the bridle taut so that Punch couldn't swing his head. She looked down at the ground. There were tracks in the sand, but she couldn't tell how fresh they were. Maybe they had been made when Jed and she visited the mine. Sara was frowning at the sagging wooden door that blocked the entrance. The earth had caved in badly around it.

"We'll never get that open," Sara said. "I wish Punch would whinny again."

Why hadn't they brought some tools along? Vicky thought, studying the door.

"You said there was a shaft," Sara said when they had tugged at the door and found it useless. She wiped her hands on her levis. "Maybe we could see down into the mine."

They climbed back up the ridge and made their way along it. "I don't know how safe it is," Vicky said. "Jed didn't take the horses any farther than this. He walked over and looked in, though. I guess we can risk that much."

It was a yawning crater with crumbled wood half buried in the sloping sides and the remains of an old shaft dangling from the broken framework. "I wouldn't care to fall into that," Sara said, shuddering. "Let's go back and tackle that door again. If we can't get it open, maybe Pop will be home tonight. He could do it, with a sledge hammer."

They worked at the door again until they were exhausted. The horses had wandered off and were nosing the rabbit brush, reins dragging.

"You're a fine one," Vicky called to Punch. "You're supposed to stand perfectly still when the reins are dropped."

When her voice died away she heard, faint and muffled, a ghostly whinny. Vicky froze. Was it Punch, whinnying softly, laughing at her? It couldn't be. The sound seemed to come from behind her, from beyond the heavy door.

"I heard it too," Sara said in a whisper. "It wasn't Punch. It gave me goose pimples. Vicky, I think the Witch is in that mine. I'm going to call Jed the minute we get home. Come on!"

Sara no sooner had her feet in the stirrup than Babe set off at a brisk trot toward the canyon. But Punch hung back. He let out another startling nicker, flinging his head up, and this time there was no doubt of it. The sidehill answered!

Punch raced after Babe, [Continued on page 42]

Around the clock

Each pattern 30c

Drawings by Florence Maier



9132

"Sleep tight, wake bright" in a shorty gown with matching romper panties. In sanforized rosebud challis, it makes a very pretty Christmas gift. Sizes 10-18. Size 16 will take $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 35" fabric

9001

A trio of good mixers and clever matchers, for many smart changes in your daytime clothes line. Sizes 10-16. Jerkin and skirt in size 12 call for $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 54" material; blouse, $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 39"

4551

Make one version of this for everyday, class-time wear, another for your special-occasion dates. The deep V yoke is new and flattering. Sizes 11-17. Size 13 will require 4 yards of 35" material

Back views and clipout order form on page 41. Patterns may be ordered from the address on order form. Be sure to enclose correct amount (sorry, no C.O.D.'s) and give size. We pay postage.

The forgotten Christmas

Continued from page 11

While the coffee perked she went into her room and got out the big box from under the bed. Inside there was the sparkle of the tree ornaments she had made so lovingly in secret as a surprise for Aunt Belle and Uncle George.

Liz shoved the box back under the bed. What am I supposed to do with them? she thought half angrily. Hang them on a palm tree? There was no sign of a tree in the house, no sign at all. She took one last look at the gifts she had wrapped for her aunt and uncle and for Joe. Beside the gifts was the long white envelope from Mom and Dad. Liz bit her lip. Inside was a Christmas card on which Mom had written a few brief lines of love and reassurance about Dad, and a check. Any other Christmas she would have been thrilled with a check as handsome as this one. But now, on top of everything else, it seemed cold and unfeeling.

There was only Joe left to remember. Quickly Liz slid the small box containing his gift into her skirt pocket and went back to pour the steaming coffee into the thermos jug. Balancing the food and coffee on a tray she picked her way back to the packing house.

Seven o'clock. Any minute Joe would be back from his round of deliveries and they would exchange their gifts. Munching her sandwich, Liz wrote labels and more labels for the last-minute orders for the hospital and the children's home. Her fingers grew numb and her back began to ache.

Eight o'clock . . . nine . . . and no sign of Joe. But she was sure of Joe. There would be Christmas in that shabby but spotless little apartment house his mother owned on Loretta Court, a Christmas chock-full of the happy squeals of five little towheaded Kennedys. Twice Joe's mother had invited Liz and Uncle George and Aunt Belle to Sunday dinner after church, and it had been sweet and sort of wonderful to see the way Joe sat at the head of the table; the way the younger children flocked around him. They didn't have a dad, but oh, they had Joe. Maybe, Liz thought, Joe will ask me to come share their Christmas.

Ten . . . and no Joe, and then suddenly there he was coming up the steps of the packing house. Liz rushed to the door.

"Joe!" she called.

"Hi, Funny One." He flopped down in the chair beside her desk. "One more delivery and we wrap things up. How you doing?"

"I don't think I can use my right hand any more." Liz laughed, wriggling her fingers. Any minute now he'd say, "It's Christmas Eve, Liz."

Joe hauled his tall body out of the chair. "Well, back to the salt mines. Be seeing you, Funny One."

For a full minute Liz leaned back in her chair, stunned. She had pinned all her hope on Joe, and Joe had forgotten, too. It would be far too late when he finished these deliveries to talk about tomorrow. Almost silently, through dry lips, Liz whispered "Merry Christmas, Joe," but Joe was on the truck now and in another minute he was gone.

A little while and then it was all over. "That's all for you, Liz," Aunt Belle said. "Run along and get some sleep."

Sleep, Aunt Belle said. Crossing the moon-washed yard, Liz pressed her fingers against her eyes, burning a little from the tedious copying. She felt tired all over, but she knew she couldn't sleep. Instead, without turning on

The bike you want

should have a

NEW DEPARTURE COASTER BRAKE



STRONGER, STURDIER New Departures make good bikes better! They're precision-engineered and factory-adjusted to give you miles and miles of great performance.



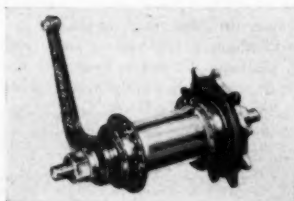
SAFE, SURE STOPS are easy with the world's finest coaster brake! New Departure's multi-disc design is the same type you'll find on jet planes, racing cars, and newest trains.



WEATHERPROOF brakes are the only really dependable brakes! New Departures are completely enclosed, to keep rain, snow, dust and dirt out . . . to keep lubricant in!



PERFECT CONTROL of your bike! That's what you want, and New Departure will help you to have it. Stop with your feet! Your hands are always free to signal and steer.



New Departure made the very first coaster brake, and has been making the very best ever since! So if you want your new bike to be the best, be sure the New Departure name is there on the brake arm. It's a good way to be sure you're getting a bike that will run smoother, stop faster, and last longer. That's the one you want . . . the one with a New Departure Coaster Brake!

NEW DEPARTURE

Safety Brake



NEW DEPARTURE • DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS • BRISTOL, CONNECTICUT



Surprise
for a little sister...
a real little
SINGER
SEWING MACHINE

Wouldn't any little girl love to have a real SINGER® Sewing Machine?

Although it's only 6" high, the SINGER SEWHANDY® is built by SINGER experts to run smoothly and safely. It fastens to any table top by its own clamp . . . comes in beige or black.

Why not get a SEWHANDY now . . . and surprise little sis on Christmas?

Now available at leading
TOY AND DEPARTMENT STORES
as well as
SINGER SEWING CENTERS

SINGER SEWHANDY
\$12⁹⁵



She'll make doll clothes and pretty gifts on her SEWHANDY. Pinch-hits on mother's trips . . . for you at college! Case slightly extra.

• A Trade-Mark of THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

the lights, she went into the living room and sat in the darkness, folding her arms on the sill of the open window.

It was the darkness, or the tiredness, it was something—Liz didn't know quite what—that filled her mind with a sudden wild suspicion. Feeling awake and excited Liz sat up. How could she have been so stupid! No one had forgotten Christmas. Everyone had been off-hand and silent because they were planning a surprise. It was a conspiracy against her, and she had been too homesick and too upset to see. It could mean only one thing: Dad and Mom must be coming! Perhaps right this minute they were getting off the train from Tampa, and in a few minutes they would be pounding at the door.

The knock on the door was sharp and commanding, jerking Liz to her feet. They were here already! Stumbling across the dark room Liz flung open the door.

"Hi," a voice said.

She peered out, seeing not the two figures of her parents, but a single tall shape. It was like being splashed with cold water.

"Oh," Liz said blankly. "It's you, Joe."

She stepped out on the porch, finding his face in the moonlight.

"For a while I didn't think I was going to make it," Joe was saying. "The truck gave me a little trouble. But I didn't want to go home without giving you this."

Her hands were holding Joe's gift—the small jewelry box made of hundreds of matchsticks carefully glued together, so highly varnished that the box glistened in the moonlight. How many nights had Joe stayed up to make it for her, going without sleep to get it done? Liz' mouth felt like cotton.

"It's—it's the loveliest, the most beautiful . . ." It would be crazy to cry. Swallowing hard, Liz dug into her pocket and brought out her gift for Joe. "Here."

She saw the surprise on his face.

"I—well, this is swell, Liz. I didn't expect . . ." He stood there shifting from one foot to another, a tall boy, holding the little box in his big hands.

"I guess I should have wrapped up that thing I made for you," Joe mumbled. The way he said it made Liz' throat ache. Suddenly she hated the tinsel and ribbon she had used. It wasn't a good wrapping for a boy. She should have given it simply—the way Joe's gift was simple and direct—just the gift itself.

"Oh, for heaven's sake," Liz said quickly. "It's nothing but some of those hand-tied dry flies you're so crazy about."

He was grinning, pleased that she had remembered his hobby, but for a minute the shadow came into his face again.

"I'm sorry about not wrapping your present, Liz. Well, oh, heck, I'd better beat it or a slew of little kids named Kennedy aren't going to have their Christmas tomorrow. Got to get the tree up and resurrect the Santa Claus suit. You know how it is; got to make a whoopedoo for them."

Liz stood still, holding Joe's gift tightly, staring at Joe—seeing him for what he was—a boy being cheated of the gaiety and fun that were part of being in your teens; a boy who had had to step into his father's shoes when he was only seventeen. Somehow it wasn't right, it wasn't fair. Liz stepped close to him.

"And who makes Christmas for you, Joe?" Liz asked softly. "Doesn't anyone do anything about Christmas for you?"

She saw his frown, and then the frown smoothed out and his mouth was smiling.

"Me?" He laughed down at her. "An old foggy like me? I guess a couple of old fogies like us don't need all the falderal to know it's Christmas. I guess we just know that you don't have to do anything about it, because, Liz, Christmas is just there."

It seemed to Liz she stood rooted on the porch forever, her thoughts flew so wild and so far. You don't have to do anything about Christmas—Christmas is just there. Mom and Dad knew that, and they had taken it for granted that she knew, too, that the time would come when all the things that had been part of Christmas since her childhood—being home, doing the gay, wonderful traditional things—some day that part of Christmas could no longer be. But Christmas was still there. Aunt Belle and Uncle George thought she knew it, too. Christmastime was the season of the year they made most of their yearly income—a time of anxiety and work and struggle. But they knew that at the end of all their labors, Christmas was there, waiting.

You can strip everything away from Christmas, Liz thought humbly, the carols and the snow; the secrets, and the nearness of those you love; the giving and receiving of gifts; the tree; the luster that had sparkled in Christmas since childhood. You could do that. And then—if you were adult enough—you could look again and see that Christmas was still there, serene and shining as a candle in the night. It was awful to cry in front of Joe. It was stupid not to be able to choke back the tears when his fingers tipped up her face.

"Tears?" he said quietly. "Hey, you're a big girl, now."

"Yes," Liz murmured. "Oh, Joe, all of a sudden I am. Wait, don't go. Wait, please."

She flew to the bedroom and hauled out the box of tree trimmings she had made and shoved it into Joe's arms.

"For the kids," Liz said breathlessly. "Some falderal for your tree . . ."

"Liz, you're swell."

"No," Liz said. "I'm dumb and—" She couldn't finish and she was relieved to see Uncle George and Aunt Belle walking wearily across the yard, arm in arm.

"Well, kids," Uncle George said, "we made it. Looks like we'll eat next year."

"Thank goodness that's over," Aunt Belle sighed. "Liz, you were wonderful about helping. Now I can begin to think about tomorrow—presents to wrap and Liz, suppose right after church you and I—"

"Listen!" Uncle George interrupted. From across the town came the first pure notes of the church bells.

"It's midnight," Uncle George said. Liz saw him lean over and kiss Aunt Belle, saying softly, "Merry Christmas, honey." And at the same moment Liz felt the quick hard pressure of Joe's kiss on her cheek and heard his husky, "Merry Christmas, Liz." Then somehow they had all joined hands and stood there in the warm night air, not speaking, not moving.

Liz felt the tightness in her throat and the hard pounding of her heart as her thoughts raced: This is Christmas. Oh, it was fine to have the falderal on Christmas, but if you couldn't—why this was Christmas, too. Just four people standing under the sky, with devotion in their hearts, listening to the bells proclaim the Birthday of the King. With a rush of gladness Liz whispered, "Merry Christmas, oh, merry, merry Christmas!" thinking that of all the Christmases she had known, this one—her forgotten Christmas—was the one she would cherish and remember all her life.



If you're dreaming of scads of lovely clothes...
ask for a **SINGER** this Christmas!

IF YOU want *more* clothes... *prettier* clothes... for every occasion, you couldn't ask for a finer Christmas gift than a smooth-stitching SINGER SEWING MACHINE.

A SINGER* Portable can be all yours for as little as \$1.31 a week, after minimum down payment. And a new SINGER entitles you to a *free* sewing course!

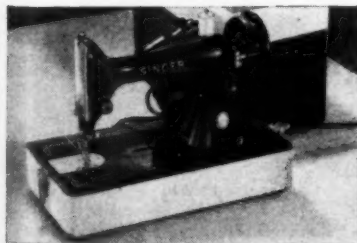
Drop in your SINGER SEWING CENTER soon, won't you? Pick out *your* favorite portable... and clue Santa in on your choice!

1. Slim velveteen slacks underscore smart jersey blouse... McCall Pattern 3417.
2. Ice-blue chiffon formal falls in soft clinging folds... Butterick Pattern 7618.
3. Short taffeta formal goes to parties, too... Simplicity Pattern 1157.

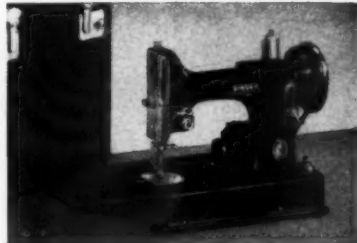
S* SINGER SEWING CENTERS

There's one near you to serve you

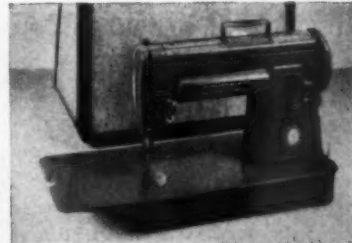
*A Trade-Mark of THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY



Famous "Budget" Portable has always been a Christmas favorite... operates smoothly, conveniently with SINGER dependability.



Popular FEATHERWEIGHT* Portable is a lightweight joy to carry—a favorite with the college crowd. Has latest conveniences.



Streamlined Slant-Needle* Portable has needle that slants *toward* you for easier seeing... easier sewing. Last word in sewing luxury.

Tootsie Roll *Candies* for filling Christmas stockings



AMERICA'S FAVORITE CANDY

TASTY • CHOCOLATY • LONG LASTING

Tootsie Roll Fudge
creamy, smooth . . .
melts in your mouth

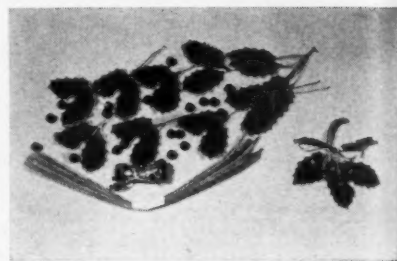


Tootsie Roll Caramel
milky, chewy . . . makes
you want to eat more

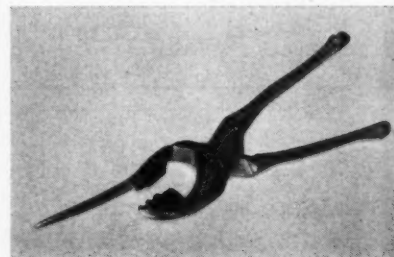


A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL FROM **Tootsie Roll**

Teen shop talk



Time now for the wearing of the green-and-red. Shiny green holly leaves and lots of red berries . . . fake, of course . . . to make nine corsages such as shown. All necessary material and instructions included; \$1, Magnus Craft, Dept. AG, 108 Franklin St., New York 13



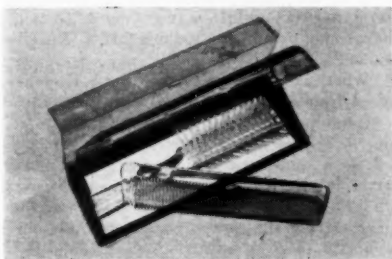
For the big one that *didn't* get away . . . Hold-Eze fish tongs, made of lightweight cast aluminum and shaped to the hand, do a three-way operation . . . eviscerate, clean, and skin fish. (Is there a fisherman on your list?) \$1.95, The Kolling Co., Dept. AG, 369 Springfield St., Dayton



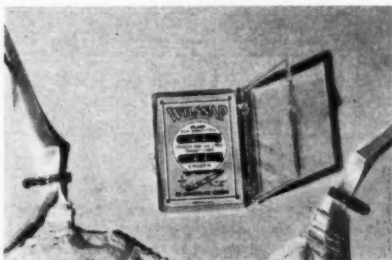
Something's been added to the little apron . . . an attached panel ready to lend a helping hand with a hot pot. Pocket padding may be removed for laundering. Floral print on green, blue, or gray percale; \$2, Vicky-Anes, Dept. AG, 486 E. Tremont Ave., New York 57

Order items directly from the addresses listed. Enclose your check or money order. Refund guaranteed on all nonpersonalized items that are returned within seven days.

Two for beauty's sake . . . Hughes' Headliner set packaged in a crystal-clear vanity box. The brush . . . five rows of extra-long nylon bristle; the comb . . . halved for fine or coarse hair. In jewel tones of blue, rose, or crystal lucite; \$2.50, Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.



It's a snap! Place lingerie straps between bars and snap together. Easiest thing in the world and works like a gold charm . . . Equally effective as a barrette . . . Gift-packaged in a clear plastic case; 90 cents for pair; by Wilsnap. At better notion counters everywhere.



In this case you *can* take it with you. In fact . . . in five cases, all filled with an array of lipsticks to cover any color emergency. All five dangling from a gold-finished link bracelet. Total effect . . . charming. By Cutex; \$1.50* at better drug and cosmetic counters.



*Add 10% Federal tax
THE AMERICAN GIRL

they're the giftiest!

The girl who gives Ship'n Shores for Christmas deserves the best — Ship'n Shores for herself, too! One is fun, several are super — pass the word to your folks and friends! Beautiful as blouses can be . . . so-o easy on the gift budget . . . and what a charge you'll get out of the new patterns and colors! Only **1.98 to 3.98**

Ship'n Shore®

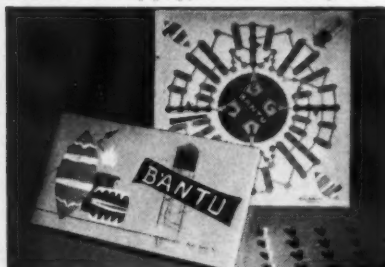




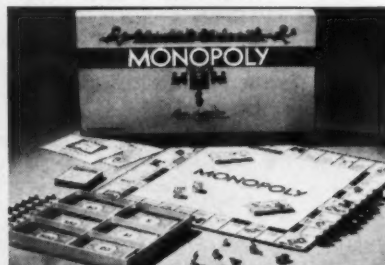
Wouldn't You Love Them for Christmas?



GOING TO JERUSALEM You will find this new, non-sectarian Bible game completely fascinating. Players "travel" over a colorful map of the Holy Land. Playing pieces represent the Twelve Apostles. Endorsed by church leaders for family play, church classes. \$4.00



BANTU New! Bantu is the most unusual and exciting game in years. Played by an entirely new system — without dice, spinners, or cards! Be sure to ask for Bantu. \$2.00



MONOPOLY — Parker Brothers' trademark name for its real estate trading game. The world's best game! Players buy, sell, mortgage properties — get rich, or go bankrupt. You'll love Monopoly! \$3.00, \$4.00, \$10.00

ASTRON New and different! The surprise feature is actual motion. Playing surface is mounted on rollers. As play progresses, travel locations constantly change. \$3.50

SORRY Everybody enjoys playing Sorry, as the tail-ender always has a chance to win. \$2.50

CLUE A houseful of clues and six suspects help you to solve the intriguing mystery of this exciting "whodunit" game! \$3.00

FAMOUS PARKER GAMES

at all leading stores



Canadian Agents
Copp Clark Co., Limited, Toronto
FREE! Send for illustrated 28-page Parker Games Party Booklet! Parker Brothers, Inc., Dept. 236, Salem, Mass.

The Questing Gull

Continued from page 9

stood upright once more. I took down the emergency kit, first-aid supplies, an alcohol lamp, the folding teakettle, and so on. With the hammer, small saw, hatchet, and the fur robes, I was pretty well loaded when I went to the hut to try to fix it up for the girls. I had hurried, but the cold numbed my hands and I was clumsy.

It was the usual fisherman's hut, of black boards, about six feet square, with a wide board bench or table across the back and a round hole cut in the center of the ice floor.

I stamped on the thin ice that crusted the hole. It broke and the water splashed out around it, freezing almost at once. I dipped some water into the folding kettle and started the alcohol stove.

A few minutes later the girls came in half frozen, Lynne shaking like a leaf. I waved them to a seat on the high bench. "All the comforts of home," I said grandly.

"Oh, are we going to stay awhile?" Lynne asked in a trembling voice. "Couldn't you fix the rudder skate?"

"No one on earth could do that here, Lynne," I told her. "But don't worry, someone will come for us. Have some tea while we're waiting."

"But—it's getting dark. The wind is beginning to blow. They won't be able to jump the crack." Lynne's eyes, big in the half-light, showed her terror.

Gretchen persuaded her to drink some tea. "They'll come in cars, Lynne," she said comfortingly. "They'll circle the floe and get a bridge across somewhere. Come on, cuddle up in the robes. You'll have something to tell them down Mexico way."

"They'd never believe me. Not in a thousand years!" Lynne began to cry. "Oh, I wish I were home. I wish I had never come to this awful place! Gretchen was right, Bruce McCauley, you had no right to get us into this."

Somehow Lynne's childish helplessness didn't seem so attractive to me now. I felt an awful responsibility for the situation in which my stupid susceptibility had involved the girls.

"There now, it's all right," Gretchen was tucking the robes around Lynne.

The early winter darkness fell fast. The wind mounted and whistled through the cracks in the hut with a quivering sound.

Lynne and Gretchen huddled on the bench, close together, under the robes. In spite of this, and the hot tea Lynne had swallowed, she was shivering. Maybe it was from the cold and maybe it was fear. But I was worried about the effect on her of prolonged exposure.

I took the hatchet and went out to scour the place for wood. By the light of my flashlight I saw that the thermometer registered twenty below zero. This was a shock. I felt more alone there in that waste of nothing, with the wind howling across the miles of ice, than I had ever felt in my life.

I raced about wildly, hunting for wood. I found some bits that were frozen fast in the ice. I chopped and pulled and managed to drag out a few of them, trying to keep my gloves on, taking them off to work more freely, blowing on my fingers. Finally, I managed to free a few small rotted frozen bits. I took them into the hut and tried to light them by pouring a little of the precious alcohol on them. But they would not catch fire.

Lynne moaned and began to talk wildly. Gretchen leaned over her and rubbed her wrists. Little by little, she grew silent.

"Bruce!" Gretchen whispered. "What will we do if she—if she won't wake up—in this cold—oh, Bruce!"

I shook Lynne hard. Her teeth rattled and she opened her eyes. She raged at me for bringing her on such an expedition, ending with the repeated wail, "I want to go home!" Then she dropped back, exhausted. She looked suddenly old—pinched and shrunken.

Gretchen gasped sharply. "Bruce! It's treasure-hunt night. Senior treasure hunt. Remember? They won't miss us until awfully late. Everyone will be eating in a dozen different places. They won't realize that we're not there until after midnight when the whole gang gets together at the last. We've got to do something."

"You get down beside Lynne," I said. "Stay close to her under the robe. Your body will warm her some. I'll be right back." I took the alcohol lamp and some matches and the hatchet.

"What are you going to do?" Gretchen asked from the robes.

"I won't be long," I said, trying not to let my voice break.

I went down to the *Questing Gull*, and there, in the darkness and the wind, I cried all I wanted to, sobbed like a baby, with my face against the smooth mast and my arm around it.

I took the hatchet and ripped the dry wood from the cockpit. I piled it under the mast and wet it with the alcohol. The mast was of spruce, dry as tinder. The flame sputtered, the alcohol turned blue, then golden as it began to eat into the wood.

Gretchen came running out. "Bruce McCauley! What are you doing?" she cried and tried to take the hatchet away from me. "Stop that!"

She stooped down and clawed with her bare hands at the solid ice. "Get some water! Put it out!" she panted. "Not the *Gull*! Not *The Questing Gull*!"

I pulled her away and put her gloves back on. "We have to get out of here," I said grimly. "I've been a fool, Gretchen, and I'm sorry."

She gave me a strange look.

"Lynne sort of bowled me over," I stumbled on. "I lost my head for a bit. I'm over it now, but this—this is all my fault and I deserve to pay—even with the *Gull*. Can you ever forgive me?"

"I understand," Gretchen said simply. "I think I understood all along, so there's nothing to forgive. We'll build again next summer, Bruce, another *Questing Gull*."

Dear Gretchen, darling Gretchen! But I knew things would never be the same. If we pulled through this, we would have college to look forward to, not another winter on the bay.

She glanced at the sky, so empty of any hope, so filled with frost-bright stars. Her eyes searched that endless expanse of ice unbroken except for the strip of black water.

"What if no one sees us?" she whispered. "Back home they're eating hamburgers at Barbara's and chili at Tina's and oysters at—" She shivered.

I put my arms around her, standing behind her, against the wind.

She moved closer, without speaking. The flames of *The Questing Gull* were dying down now. We could feel the cold stealing up behind us. Colder still was the fear creeping

into our hearts—our signal had not been seen.

Gretchen turned suddenly. "We must go back to Lynne."

Lynne's still figure frightened us. We knew we had to get help quickly.

"The hut!" I cried, and ripped a board from the lee side of the building and lighted it from the embers of the *Gull*. I ran about wildly, waving it, not shouting, not opening my mouth for fear of freezing my lungs. When the first board brought no response, Gretchen came running with a second. But what should we do when the boards from the hut finally give out?

My ears were ringing, drumming, and I felt dizzy. I must, I thought, *I've got to save them*.

I heard Gretchen screaming and was angry with her for opening her throat to the deadly cold, and then I heard it — the wonderful blessed, purring sound—the good old "wind-mill" of the Coast Guard.

Try a newspaper party

Continued from page 25

Delivering papers. For each player, cut a 3" square of newspaper. Write a player's name on each one with a dark crayon. Stack the squares, name-side-down, on a table in the middle of the room. Divide into 2 teams and line up on opposite sides of the table. At the word "Go," a player from each team runs to take a paper from the stack and deliver it to the person named. As soon as a paper has been delivered, the player runs to tag the next person in his line, who repeats. The team to finish first, wins the game.

Headline writing is just for fun. Prepare a large piece of paper by listing these headings down the left side: What kind of person? Who? Did what? What kind of person? To whom? When? Where? Doing what? How? Why? Players sit in a circle. Player number 1 fills in the first heading, folds the paper down to the next heading and passes it to player number 2 who fills in that one, and so on. When everyone has written, open the paper and read the "headline." This is what might be written: REDHEADED ELEPHANT WINS TINY THIEF AT MIDNIGHT IN ALASKA SKIING ANGRILY TO GET RICH. If there are more than 10 players, start two papers, on opposite sides of the circle.

Circulation. Trace around the bottom of a small glass to make 5 newspaper circles. Lay a single square of newspaper on the floor. Players take turns tossing the 5 circles at the newspaper from a distance of 6 feet. Each circle that lands on the paper counts 2 points for the tosser. The player scoring the most points, wins.

Getting into the paper. Fold 1 double sheet of newspaper in half twice, to make a piece about 12" x 7½". Turn a 2" cuff on both open ends opposite the fold. Now spread the paper slightly and it will stand. In the middle of the fold, cut a semicircle about 2" wide. To play, stand the paper on one end of a long table. Players take turns tossing 6 beans from the other end—trying to get "into the paper." Score 1 point for each bean which goes inside. The highest scorer wins.

Paper boys. Pass out single sheets of newspaper. Players are to tear them into shapes of newsboys. Take a vote to decide which one is the best—or the funniest.

Extra! Extra! Newspaper party goes over big!

THE AMERICAN GIRL

Bonus This beautiful Friendship Folio FREE with every order of 50 Friendship Photos for \$2. Holds 12 wallet size photos... fits easily in pocket or purse. from one pose POSTPAID **50 for \$2**



Illustration reduced from actual size. Photos are 2½" x 3½" Finest satin finish.

mail coupon today

Immediate delivery

LUXURIOUS, DOUBLE-WEIGHT, SATIN FINISH... WALLET SIZE
friendship photos

from your favorite photo, snapshot or negative

20 FOR \$1... or **50** for \$2
(see bonus offer above)
from one pose POSTPAID

Every girl, (and boy, too) wants Friendship Photos to give and exchange with friends and classmates.

These are perfectly reproduced on long-lasting, double-weight photographic paper of the highest quality. As a special offer, you may also have 50 for \$2, plus a beautiful Friendship Folio FREE in which to keep your own and other photos.

Friendship Photos are ideal for use with college, employment or passport applications.

Friendship Photos, Dept. 45-F, Quincy 69, Mass.

Please send me: ☐ 20 Friendship Photos from one pose postpaid, \$1 enclosed.

☐ 50 Friendship Photos from one pose postpaid, \$2 enclosed.

I am to receive the Friendship Folio with my order of \$2 at no extra cost.

I enclose photo or negative which you will return unharmed.

My money back air mail if I'm not delighted.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

Friendship Photos — Division of MAIL-N-SAVE ®

CHRISTMAS-STOCKING SURPRISE—WHOLE SOME SUN-MAID RAISINS!



Always Fresh, Tempting And Delicious!

Ask your grocer for the SUN-MAID 6-PACK. Six pocket packages just right for between meal snacks!

NOW FLAVOR-PROTECTED WITH CELLOPHANE

Join the Flexible Flyer Club And Wear This Glowing Emblem!

Get your 3-color Flying Eagle emblem in reflecting "Scotchlite", plus Club Membership Card and Safety Pledge. Send 15c in coin to cover postage and handling.

S. L. ALLEN & CO., INC.

Box 9727, Philadelphia 40, Pa.

Enclosed find 15c. Please enroll me in Flexible Flyer Club, and send me glowing Flying Eagle emblem.

Name.....

Address.....

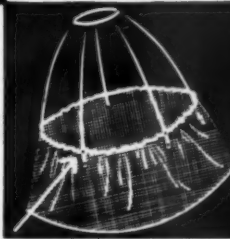
City.....State.....

Name of nearest Flexible Flyer Dealer.....

KEEP FULL SKIRTS FULL!

For Little Sister Style, see below

New adjustable Hoop-la



NOW... ADJUSTABLE

STREET LENGTH AND BALLERINA LENGTH

New marquisette tier assures "dip"-proof fullness.

Every full skirt in your wardrobe, daytime or datetime, billows into LASTING bouffant beauty the moment you put on your remarkable new HOOP-la! Gives you that distinctive "fashion model" look! Wear with or without petticoats. Washable... packs flat... easy to put together. White only.

\$1.25

includes prepaid postage and handling for teen and adult styles. Little Sister Style, ages 6 to 12, without marquisette tier, low priced \$1.00 prepaid. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Send check or Money Order. Sorry no C.O.D.'s.

FREEMOLD CO.

Dept. 3, P. O. Box 392, Glen Cove, N. Y.



FREE! FOUR COLOR PENCIL

Your choice of Red, Blue, Black or Yellow with a twist of your wrist. This handy pencil can be used in so many ways. We offer this pencil to you at no cost to show you our catalog of money saving household, gift and novelty items at extremely low prices. Rush name and address plus 25¢ in coin to cover postage and handling charges. **ATLAS GIFT CO.,** Dept. 669, New Hyde Park, N. Y.

35



"Hurry, hurry," says the intelligent-looking "Scout" in the center. "Sno time for me to be half-baked!"

By Carole McConnell

Snowtime for camping?

*Snow or no snow, there's plenty
of fun in a winter camp-out, as Scouts all
over the country can tell you!*



When Old Mother Goose plucks her geese and shakes their white down over the meadows and mountainsides, you can hear her chuckling, "Come, all you sit-by-the-fires! It's time for adventure!"

Then the brooks freeze, and happy winter campers, from Maine, to Iowa, to California, get out their warm clothes, stout shoes, and sleeping bags; their skates, skis, and toboggans; their outdoor cooking utensils—and hurry forth to explore the whole white world.

If there's anything more fun than summer camping, they know what it is: winter camping—with or without snow. Cold-weather camping has its beauty formula of wind to make your cheeks red, sports to give you the appetite of a horse, exercise to enable you to "eat and grow slim."

Certainly, it's fun to have the boys along—and often it's possible. When Senior Girl Scouts of San Francisco went on a snow trip in the High Sierras, Explorer Boy Scouts were part of the expedition. There were seventy young people—thirty-five boys and thirty-five girls—each group with its own leaders. They'd had planning sessions and a pre-trip social in one of the city's church halls, had even agreed on a post-trip reunion. So if any ice had to be broken anywhere, it wasn't of the how-do-you-get-acquainted kind.

Their week-end destination was Hoyfjellet Lodge, perched high in the clouds—small enough to be all theirs for the time of their stay and large enough to accommodate them—with a dormitory for boys and another for girls. All of them brought their own sleeping bags or bedding.

The ten adults included several accomplished ski instructors. The lodge is a mile from a large ski area, but it has some little slopes of its own, where beginners can gain skill.

In the evening they turned on the record player in the hall of the lodge, and enjoyed dancing, marshmallow toasting, and singing around a good log fire.

Talk about adventure! San Diego Girl Scouts had plenty of it! The Council's big campmobile had carried them up in the Cyamaca Mountains to the lodge at the established camp, where snow blankets the peaks. There's always riotous fun up there, what with sledding and hikes, rock collecting—the area is rich in semiprecious stones—and visits to the Rangers' station and fire-observation post.

This time things happened differently. No sooner had they reached the lodge than a blizzard broke, whirling in fury around them. There was lots of gaiety while the storm raged, and a Scouts' Own around the huge stone fireplace. Some of the girls secretly hoped they'd have to stay till spring. But they were back in school on Monday morning. For of course the Forest Rangers, who knew of their plans in advance, and seem to delight in just such emergencies, turned up and helped them evacuate over roads that were almost impassable.

Sometimes these San Diego girls choose the desert instead of the mountains for winter camping. Often, by the brilliant light of a desert moon, they have set up their own primitive camp in some spot where the warm springs of the desert provide winter bathing facilities, and you lay a rock-and-twigs trail to a drinking-water source—or drink from barrel cactus.

Iowa is a fine place for getting better acquainted with the plot of Whittier's "Snowbound," as the Scouts from Iowa City who went snow camping at Camp Carnival can tell you. They got in a day of wonderful skating, coasting, and snowballing before the heavy white goose down began to wall them in. But what can be more fun than to be the prisoner of Old Mother Goose, with a ukelele to strum on, a scrabble board handy, and a larder full of fruit and cereal, pancake flour, bacon and eggs, chicken, cookies, popcorn, fudge, and apples?

Hot cocoa! Mmm! The snow girl's just melting with envy, but she'll never know how good it can taste on a camp-out in the winter woods

Now, let's fly across country to Fall River, Massachusetts. Its winter campers are worthy runners-up for their ancestors, the early Puritans. Fall River Scouts say the greatest lesson they learn from their winter expeditions is how to keep warm without central heating. They camp in an ancient farmhouse that has an old-fashioned pot-bellied stove and a fireplace for heating. To be comfortable they must keep both fires going constantly. They sleep on the floor of the old house. On the bitterest of bitter cold nights, when the mercury plunges way below zero, they group their mattresses as close to the fires as safety will permit.

Most of the Fall River Scouts have learned to ice skate while troop camping, for a large swamp makes a safe skating rink whenever it freezes solid. And how they love exploring! In winter they follow a brook that is almost completely hidden during the warm months by foliage. They are able to cross it on the trunks of fallen trees, slide on the ice, and find a thousand new ways to have adventure. One big favorite is their winter game of "laying trails in the snow." The trail-laying Scouts use snowballs instead of stones for their signs, and they walk off the regular paths so that the followers will be neither confused nor aided by their footsteps. The trail layers often walk backward, to avoid giving followers any clues.

Bridgeport, Connecticut, Scouts love the snow-trail hike from Huntington to Indian Well. At Schenectady, New York, you'll find girls who assert that there's nothing to compare with the sport of cooking in the snow, tracking rabbits, skiing on nearby hills, and returning late in the day to the Council's Little Lodge on Hidden Lake, to huddle around the wood stove and the fireplace, hold an evening song fest, and finally turn in for a sound snooze on the canvas cots.

Yes, Scouts are snow camping everywhere this winter — at least, everywhere there is snow. Some experienced groups that have real camping know-how pitch tents and practice their primitive camping skills. With or without snowfall, Scouts are out camping and hiking—exploring areas that can't be reached in summer, setting up bird-feeding stations, working at nature crafts.

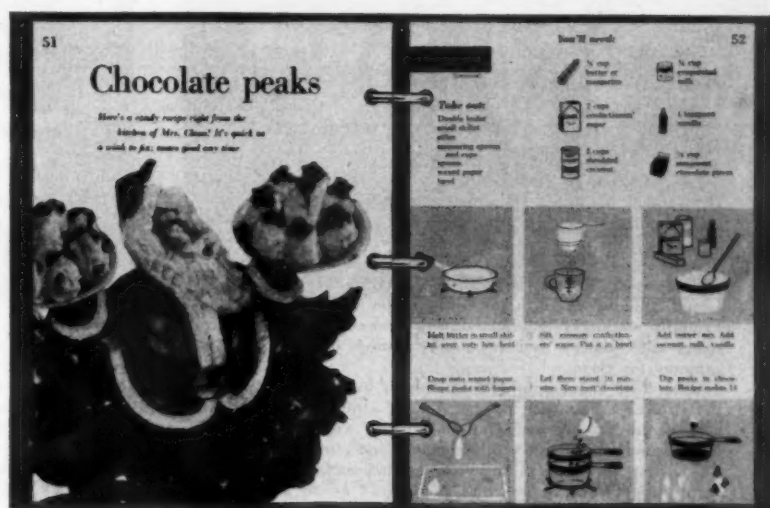
Naturally you need to prepare for a winter camp-out. When the Girl Scout Seniors in Sacramento, California, planned a snow trip, each troop worked out its own program of activities, and its own basic plan of safety precautions and waterproofing of California clothes for the change to Sierra snow conditions. One troop got their dads on the job making barrel skis and cutting bamboo poles. The fathers of girls in another troop got quite excited about the fun of making buddy-burner stoves. Result—a lot of dads wanted to go along, and did. They took part in the opening flag ceremony, helped gather wood for the central fire at lunchtime, and were eager to prove themselves as clever snow sculptors as their daughters. Reluctantly, they refrained from the two-fort snowball fight, with forty Seniors on each side, but they were there to root for one or the other of the two teams.

"Be prepared" is the motto of the winter campers. And there's real help for them in a new pamphlet "Cold-Weather Camping," which will be ready by February first. Your troop can have it free by writing to Membership Services Division, Girl Scouts of the U.S.A., 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York.

"No time like snowtime for camping!" says wise old Mother Goose.

A Gift for a Girl Friend

... this JUNIOR Cook Book



SHE'LL HAVE FUN COOKING "JUST LIKE MOTHER"!

This brand new book, just out, will tell any girl to whom you give it for Christmas . . . just what utensils to take out, what ingredients are called for, what she does first, and next and next. And each dish she prepares is pictured for her as it should look. She'll catch on so easily to cooking terms, to measuring, mixing, and the basic ways of cooking.



Remember, this book is just like Mother's *Better Homes & Gardens* COOK BOOK . . . same methods but recipes just for you. Same ring-binder format permits adding pages. Only \$2.95, (Canada, \$3.50) wherever books are sold. And *guaranteed* . . . your money back if not satisfied. To order post-paid, remit to Better Homes & Gardens, 406 Meredith Building, Des Moines 3, Iowa.

Better Homes and Gardens JUNIOR Cook Book

All over the map

Headline News in Girl Scouting

❀ **A Christmas party** at a television studio, given especially for them, made last Christmas a memorable one for the girls of the Brownie troop at the Anne Wittmeyer Home in Davenport, Iowa.

In their trim Brownie dresses and jaunty caps, the little girls were driven to the studio of Station WHBF in Rock Island, Illinois, where they were taken on a tour of the station. Friendly engineers and announcers showed them the control room, the scenery and back-stage props, operated the big cameras for them.

Other Girl Scout groups in Davenport had gathered gifts for the Brownies, and with the help of the studio staff had made a beautiful Nativity scene for the table at which the Brownies were seated for the fancy refreshments that climaxed the party. The joy in the little girls' voices as they sang the Christmas carols, the brightness of their faces, told as no words could how happy this special treat had made them.

Perhaps your Scout group can dream up something a little extra to make this Christmas an especially happy time for someone less fortunate than yourselves!

❀ **By ship and taxi-bus**, by train and plane, eight Mariner Scouts and two leaders of Aruba, Netherlands West Indies, traveled by sea, on land, and in the air on a recent trip to Caracas, Venezuela. One of the girls has written to tell about it.

"This is an account of a trip to Caracas, Venezuela," she writes, "made and financed by eight Mariner Scouts and two leaders from Aruba, N.W.I. I hope you can use it in 'All Over the Map.' The Girl Scouts, whose families are members of the American colony on this island off the coast of Venezuela, boarded a Norwegian tanker, the *Finmark*, for the first part of a memorable trip. Several hours of travel brought them to another American colony on the mainland of Venezuela, where the Girl Scouts of Amuay Bay entertained the Mariners from Aruba at cook-outs, a swimming party, and other affairs.

"From Amuay Bay the Mariners set out by taxi-bus for Valencia, 250 miles away. They traveled for ten hours through flat country and low, hilly jungle land sprinkled with small native villages. The only excitement was a flat tire.

"At Valencia they stayed overnight with several families from the United States and were entertained at a barbecue. Early next morning they boarded a train for Maracay, about 30 miles away. The German-made, diesel-motored train looked

like two trolley cars hitched together. At Maracay the girls went for a sight-seeing bus trip into the hills before boarding the train again and heading for Caracas, the goal of their long journey.

"This part of the trip was very exciting. It started the climb into the Andes Mountains. The train went through eighty-seven tunnels and over just as many ravines during the last third of the journey!

"In Caracas, where they were to stay for four days, the Mariners lived in a boarding school—the students were on vacation. Girl Scout and other young people's groups took the visitors from Aruba on sight-seeing tours, hikes, cook-outs, and swimming parties, and entertained for them at a dance. One of the high spots was a visit to a Venezuelan Ranger Scout meeting. The Rangers showed the Mariners some native dances. The girls of both troops exchanged songs and games in Spanish and English.

"The days passed all too quickly, and the Mariners regretfully boarded a plane for the flight back to Aruba. It was a wonderful experience, and the Mariners certainly appreciate everything their leaders and friends did to make it so."

❀ **International Friendship** activities have been an interesting part of the program of Troop 228 of Montgomery County, Maryland. For a World Neighbor project Troop 228 arranged an intertroop International Friendship program with Troop 28 of Bethesda, Maryland. Two girls who had been to Switzerland and Our Chalet gave illustrated talks, with colored slides. One of these girls had been a member of the Swiss Girl Guides for a time, and told about some unusual and exciting experiences. A member of Troop 228 who had been a Brownie in Canada showed photographs and a Canadian Guider's uniform.

Good manners aboard—especially how a Girl Scout should not behave—were effectively dramatized in skits put on by girls of Troop 228. Dances of other countries were presented and taught by girls of Troop 28.

The refreshments—a highlight of the program—were Danish, Swedish, and Swiss cookies, and American punch.

❀ **For a special** Girl Scout activity Intermediate Troop 14 of Santa Fe, New Mexico, decided upon an interesting project which might easily be adapted by other troops.

Using the Our Chalet calendar as a model, the girls sketched

It is a "great day in the morning" for the girls of Troop 2, Indiana, Pennsylvania, as the troop starts off for Virginia and Washington






"Great big Brownie smiles" prove Davenport, Iowa, Brownies are enjoying their TV Christmas party

a building in the Pueblo type of architecture on a 16" x 20" piece of heavy construction paper, backed by another sheet of the same paper. Twenty windows, each with a "shutter" opening from one side, were cut into the face of the building. Behind each window a snapshot of a member of Troop 14 was pasted, and the girl's name was written on the shutter.

The entire background was decorated by the girls with flowers, cacti, and other plants of the Southwest, blooming under a blue New Mexican sky in which some fleecy white clouds drifted. The Zia Sun, emblem of the State of New Mexico, completed the decoration.


The finished product was sent by the Santa Fe troop to a pen pal troop in Johnson City, Tennessee, as a friendship link.

 **It's fine to learn** to "sew a fine seam," thought the girls of Troop 25 in Theresa, New York, but—why not make something useful at the same time?

So instead of making seams for the Seamstress badge requirement on odd pieces of material, they made pads for the Jefferson County cancer society. The society furnished the materials and showed the girls how to make the pads.

The well-made pads brought praise from the cancer society, and as their needlework skills grew, the girls became more ambitious. The troop bought bath towels and washcloths, and under the guidance of a member of the society, the towels were made into bed jackets and the cloths into slippers, in matching sets.

"We learned a lot," the girls say, "and have had the satisfaction of helping someone else at the same time."

 **At the first** International Friendship dinner of the Girl Scouts of District IV, Michigan Waterways Council, eight Girl Guides and four leaders from Sarnia, Ontario, Canada, were the guests of honor.

For several weeks before the dinner, representatives of the troops in the district held planning meetings to exchange ideas and work out details for the party, which was held in the gymnasium of the Yale, Michigan, high school. Each troop chose a country to represent, and when the Canadian guests arrived they were met by hostesses from each troop and joined the different "countries" according to age groups. The Girl Scouts had learned the words of "God Save the Queen," and the Guides the words of "The Star-Spangled Banner," and the national anthems were sung as part of the impressive opening ceremonies.

After the dinner, which featured foods of the countries represented by the troops, each troop put on a skit about its chosen country, danced some of its dances, sang its songs. The Canadian Guides told about Guiding in Canada and England and explained the significance of the Guide insignia and badges.


Then a big Hands-Around-the-World circle was formed, the

Barney H. Milan photo



Canadian Guides and Michigan Scouts in the opening ceremonies at the World Friendship dinner in Yale, Michigan

"squeeze" went round, and a very successful party closed with everyone singing "Girl Scouts Together."

 **Peanuts, frankfurters,** and soft drinks; gift wrappings, greeting cards, and cookies—all helped to finance a trip to Virginia and Washington, D. C. for Troop 2 of the Indiana, Pennsylvania, Council of Girl Scouts. For more than a year the girls worked and saved. With help from leaders and parents the troop ran a refreshment concession at the Indiana County Fair which gave them a nest egg. Month by month the girls added to the trip fund with various projects. Meanwhile they planned; read about the places they would visit; made reservations.

The great day dawned—rainy. But that could not dampen the gay spirits of the fourteen girls who boarded an early-morning bus with their leaders for a two-hour ride to Pittsburgh, where they were to take a train for the day-long trip to Washington.

It was late in the afternoon when they reached the Capital and transferred by bus to the boat which was to take them on the overnight trip to Norfolk, Virginia. By that time all were ready for dinner and a good night's sleep.

The next day was Sunday, and the other passengers were much impressed by the Scouts' Own which the troop held on the boat before setting out on a guided tour. They visited the naval base at Norfolk; rode the ferry to Newport News, where they saw the huge new carrier, *The Forrestal* and visited the Mariner's Museum. It was exciting to arrive in Williamsburg during the celebration of the anniversary of the Virginia Declaration of Rights in 1776. The quaint colonial town, the beautiful buildings, William and Mary College, were all fascinating, and the girls wished they had several days to spend there.

Leaving Williamsburg, they visited Jamestown, the site of the first permanent English settlement in America, and the battlefield at Yorktown, where Cornwallis' surrender to Washington brought to an end the American Revolution.

Back in Washington after an overnight boat trip up the Chesapeake, the girls were taken on a sight-seeing tour of the Capital and visited many of the famous buildings and landmarks. The impressive Changing of the Guard at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier was one of the things they feel they will always remember. And what a thrill it was when, on the steps of the Capitol, a Girl Scout from New Mexico introduced herself, and said she was on her way to Switzerland.

As the girls talked over their experiences on the way home, they were agreed that the trip had been well worth the effort that had made their dream a reality.

Send stories of what your Girl Scout group is doing, for publication in this department: news of your good times, community activities, interesting projects. Send photographs, too, of clear black-and-white prints in good focus, 4" x 5" or larger. **Merry Christmas and Happy Holidays!**



Do you own a cat?
Are you earning
Scout Proficiency Badges?
Would you like an exciting, new hobby?

then you'll want these!
FREE!
TWO NEW BOOKLETS
...and a folder of
BEAUTIFUL CAT
PICTURES
IN FULL COLOR!

They tell you all about cats . . . how to earn your Proficiency Badge for Cat Care . . . how to raise and train cats and kittens. Be *first* in your group to get them. Mail coupon below for your *free* copies . . . *now!*

"KITTENS AND CATS, Their Care and Feeding, Training and Breeding." By distinguished cat breeder and famous veterinarian. Handsomely illustrated.

"HOW TO CARE FOR A CAT, and Earn Your Cat and Dog Badge." Official requirements, in interesting step-by-step.

FULL COLOR PICTURES and descriptions of leading cat breeds.

IF YOU HAVE A CAT, feed Puss 'n Boots. Experts say it's probably the best single cat food you can give. More owners buy it than any other brand.

PUSS'n BOOTS



MAIL COUPON FOR FREE COPIES
Coast Fisheries,
Division of The Quaker Oats Co., Dept. A.G.
P.O. Box 1447, New York 46, N. Y.
Please send me your free material.

Name _____
Street Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____



A penny for your thoughts

Bellevue, Kentucky: *Magic* was wonderful. I liked *Brothers* like *George* best because *George* was a perfect model of my brother. We are always fighting but we really love each other underneath.

Hair-Style Carnival really came in handy. I don't know what I would do without your good-grooming tips.

Gloria Wiethorn (age 12)

Croxley Green, England: I should like to tell you how much I enjoy your magazine. There is no such magazine in England, which is a very great pity.

I think I like your fashions best of all as I hope to become a fashion designer one day.

I would like to take this chance to thank my pen-pal, Marilee Vincent, for sending me this marvelous magazine.

Wendy Alexander (age 15)

Cheboygan, Michigan: The breakfast recipes in *Cooking with Judy* in the October issue were very helpful for people like me, who have only fifteen minutes to eat in the morning. *Dilly-Dally to Glider-Rider* was a useful feature. Naturally your fashions were tops but *Hair-Style Carnival* rated first prize, too.

I live in a town near the tip of Michigan's lower peninsula which has a population of about five thousand. I am a freshman at Cheboygan high school. Thanks for the wonderful all-round magazine.

Marilyn Jakad (age 13)

St. George, Illinois: I particularly enjoy your short stories, fashions, tips on good grooming, and *Cooking with Judy*. My hobbies are embroidery, making nylon flowers, cooking and sewing.

I live in a village of about one hundred people. Fortunately there is a larger town nearby. I'm not a Girl Scout but I am a member of a 4-H club.

Lynda LaMontagne (age 12)

Weybridge, England: I am an American girl who has lived in England for the past two years. I am going to an English school and have had some trouble making friends with the English girls, so you can see how much I valued your article, *New Friends for Old*. I adore *Cooking with Judy*, as I want to be in the field of commercial home economics.

I have joined a Girl Guide troop, and I am learning how the Guides work after being a Scout. I always look forward to getting my *AMERICAN GIRL*, as it is one of my few contacts with the U.S.A.

Margy Northup (age 16)

Higginsport, Ohio: I especially like *Cooking with Judy* as I am a member of a girls' 4-H club and we have taken cooking as our project. I have tried some of the recipes and the finished products have been tasty.

I had quite a stack of *The AMERICAN GIRL* magazines when school started, so I decided to take them to school for the other girls to enjoy. The boys like *The AMERICAN GIRL*, too.

Judy Stevenson (age 11)

Edinburgh, Scotland: I must first of all congratulate you on the superb stories and articles which you publish in your magazine. I really do look forward to receiving your magazine every month, and I can assure you that it never does remain with me for long. I give it to my Guide company and after all the Guides have read it, it never stops going around.

I think it is such a pity that we cannot obtain some of the excellent patterns which you illustrate as they are really sought after by myself and all my friends. But perhaps sometime we may see them in our country.

I must lastly thank my pen friend, Jo Ann Nagy of Michigan, for being so thoughtful in sending your magazine to me every month.

Anne K. Berry (age 17)

Los Altos, California: I especially enjoy the stories by Betty Cavanna. I have just finished reading one of her books and it was wonderful, as usual. I liked the story *Magic*, by Virginia Akin, very much.

I have a twin sister and she and I share your magazine. We both read the fiction and *By You* first.

Cathy Coltrin (age 12)

Yuma, Arizona: I want to congratulate you on the wonderful success you have made of this magazine.

I read all the stories you print at least once. After I finish my mother and girl friends take over. My favorite articles are *By You*, *A Penny for Your Thoughts*, and the beauty tips. I think you should start a column whereby girls could write and ask questions about dating and things like that. Thanks for a real swell magazine.

Gerry Smith (age 14)

Rochester, New York: I liked the article on working with clay in the October issue. I am going to buy some clay and try to work with clay and glazes.

I made some of the breakfast recipes in *Cooking with Judy*. Sunday morning I made French toast. It tasted good, if I do say so myself. I didn't like some of the hairdos in *Hair-Style Carnival*. I loved the dresses in *Five-O'Clock Fashions*.

Rochester isn't a very lively city. I go to the C.Y.O. for swimming lessons and gym on Mondays.

I have a scrapbook with news items and addresses of movie stars. Would you have an interview with a movie or television star, or write something about one?

Sheila Fitzsimmons (age 12)

Millburn, New Jersey: I've been getting *The AMERICAN GIRL* for two years and must say it's really the greatest. In all this time I've had only three criticisms to offer on articles in *The AMERICAN GIRL*. I don't care for either articles on teen-agers in foreign countries or the *Painting of the Month* series and *All Over the Map* holds no appeal for me. On the other hand *Cooking with Judy*, your fashions and beauty tips, and stories and

serials are my favorites. I especially liked *Cooking with Judy* and *The Wishing Cup* in your September issue.

I've read in the past months many appeals for articles on different careers and I'd personally like an article on Occupational Therapists, so what about a career series.

Congratulations, Sharon McGrayne, on your wonderful idea of an article series on "Behind the Scenes of The AMERICAN GIRL" (or should I say behind the covers?)

Kathy Wyatt (age 13)

Riverside, Canada: The article *Dilly-Dally to Glider-Rider* in the October issue helped me very much. Your movie reviews have persuaded me to go to many of the movies.

AMERICAN GIRL is a very popular magazine in our gang, and I want to thank you very much for this super magazine.

Heather Elizabeth Stuart (age 14)

Kahlotus, Washington: I really enjoyed *Brothers like George* and *Magic Hair-Style Carnival* made a real hit with all the girls here. *The Water Witch*, I think, is really a wonderful serial, and I can hardly wait for each issue to arrive.

I wish you would have a few more school fashions and more hair styles.

I come from a small town in eastern Washington. The population is approximately one hundred and fifty. There are twenty-seven in our high school, fourteen girls and thirteen boys. I am a sophomore this year.

My favorite sports are football and basketball. I especially enjoy horseback riding. I also love to dance and play the piano.

Margie Leifer (age 14)

Please send your letters to The AMERICAN GIRL, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y., and tell us your age and address

American Girl patterns

(Front views on page 28)



Check pattern number and size and enclose correct amount (30c in coin) for each pattern.

9132—Shorty Nightgown with Panties

Sizes ☐ 10 ☐ 12 ☐ 14 ☐ 16 ☐ 18

9001—Three-Piece Outfit

Sizes ☐ 10 ☐ 12 ☐ 14 ☐ 16

4551—Dress with V Yoke

Sizes ☐ 11 ☐ 13 ☐ 15 ☐ 17

Enclose \$.....for patterns checked above.

Be sure to enclose correct amount (30c) for each pattern ordered (sorry, no C.O.D.'s) and state size. We pay postage.

Name.....
(Please print)

Address.....

City and State.....
(Please indicate zone no.)

Mail to: THE AMERICAN GIRL
Pattern Department 12/55
P.O. Box 122, Old Chelsea Station
New York 11, New York

THE AMERICAN GIRL

Earn your skating badge

the easy enjoyable way...



genuine
on **JOHNSONS**

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



Center-poise figure skates for girls and women. White shoes.
Sizes 1 to 10. From \$13.95

Yes, for skating forward and backward... for turning corners... for quick starts and stops... for dancing, leaping, spinning—you just can't beat genuine **JOHNSONS** with center-poise balance.

Nestor Johnson skates and the special skating shoes to which they are attached are designed for each other. On the ice, you sense this perfection of related balance, and skate with the greatest of ease!

Tough, hard steel blades stay sharp longer. Special construction provides firm ankle support, gives you more stamina.

So earn your badge the easy way. Get genuine **JOHNSONS**, and whip through your skating activities in a breeze!

Send for free book, "Skating Is Fun." Easy-to-follow tips on how to improve your skating, rink diagrams, explanations of basic figures, and other skating information you'll find interesting and useful.



NESTOR JOHNSON MFG. CO.
1908 N. Springfield Ave., Chicago 47, Illinois

Please send free book, "Skating Is Fun"

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

next to this . . .



look
for
this

not on
all shoes
. . . just the
best ones

**AVONITE
SOLES**

AVONITE SOLES are approved for the Official Girl Scout Shoes. You know this means they have been given severe tests for wear, comfort and value.

The next time you buy Girl Scout Shoes, make sure they have Avonite Soles. You'll get more mileage from the shoes, and you'll be wearing soles that are light, flexible, and need no breaking in. Because they are waterproof, they keep feet and shoes dry . . . can't shrink, curl or crack, but stay smooth and comfortable. They don't skid or mark floors.

Brownies' shoes come with Avonite Soles, too, and you might pass the word along that the rest of your family can get the same fine soles on their shoes by looking on the sole for the Avonite Sole-mark of Quality.



AVON SOLE COMPANY
AVON • MASSACHUSETTS

The Water Witch Continued from page 27

snorting playfully. If he *knew* the Witch was in there, Vicky thought, he couldn't be more delighted.

The movie camp was being put on wheels again, ready to pull out, and Vicky wanted to shout at the men working about the trailers and tell them not to do another thing, the Witch was found! But Punch carried her by at a gallop. She tugged at the reins.

"Yipes!" Bobby cried when Vicky almost tumbled from the saddle outside the corral gate. "Where's the fire?"

Vicky couldn't get her breath to answer him, but Sara flung over her shoulder as she ran into the house, "That's an idea. If we can't get the door out any other way, we'll try a torch on it."

If it hadn't been that Sara's mother vetoed the idea strenuously, the girls might have tried it, because Jed couldn't be reached. He had gone out with the tow truck, the garage said. They would send him along as soon as he came back. But it might be hours.

Where was the calm and serene Sara now? Vicky thought as they waited. Pacing the floor, flinging herself into a deck chair, getting up again to try to reach Mr. Oldham, to tell him to stop the preparations for leaving the canyon. "He isn't anywhere around," she wailed when she came back from the telephone. "Vicky, do you suppose if we took a crowbar . . . ?"

"Sara McGovern!" said her mother. "Calm yourself."

It was nearly dusk when they heard a rattle outside that could only be the Rambling Wreck. The girls flew out to meet Jed.

When they told him what had happened, he looked blank for a second and a little sick. "Sealed up in that cave! Almost two weeks in that hole!"

"But she might have been put in there just recently, Jed," Vicky said. "And she's alive. We heard her."

"Come on, then," he said, and would have climbed back into the car if Sara hadn't reminded him of the crowbar and rope he might need. When he returned from the stable with his lariat and halter over his arm, he was carrying both a crowbar and pickax, and a pail of oats dipped from the bin.

On the swift ride through the canyon, Vicky sat with hands tightly clenched. That ghostly whinny—what if it had not been real; what if both Sara and she had imagined it? Could a horse survive even for a few days in the abandoned mine? She didn't know.

At the end of the canyon, Jed abandoned the car and set out on foot, striding along as fast as his knee would let him. The girls had a hard time keeping up. The mesa was dark now, but a sliver of moon showed above the horizon. When they reached the narrow ridge, Jed turned. "I'm going to beat that door in," he said. "You girls keep a lookout up here."

"I'll stay," Vicky said. "You may need Sara. If anyone comes, I'll scream."

"Of course," Vicky answered confidently.

A moment later she was alone on the ridge. Below in the sidehill she could hear Jed and Sara working at the door. There was a sound of breaking wood and then, still faint but not so muffled now, a soft whinny.

Vicky was so relieved that she felt like doing a Highland fling. Jed had his horse back; the Witch was safe! There was a step behind her, and Vicky swung around. "Sara?"

she called softly to the dark shape that moved toward her.

There was no answer, but the shadow kept advancing. Vicky stood motionless, staring. It's a man, she thought. She pursed her lips and tried to whistle, but all that came out was a rasping noise. She backed up along the ridge, eyes fixed on the dark shape. Once again she tried to warn Jed, but if she had ever been able to whistle, she couldn't now; she was too frightened even to scream.

Somewhere behind her was the excavation, and in it the dangling remains of the old shaft. The ground beneath her feet might give way, she thought, but with that shadow coming nearer, she couldn't stand still. She took another half dozen steps backward. Instinct told her it was not safe to go any farther, and Vicky stood still. "I know who you are," she said in a low tone. "I know you. Don't come any nearer."

There was a muffled answer. Vicky took another cautious step backward, testing before she set her foot down. She heard a clod of earth hurtle down into the old shaft. She lunged forward then, and the shadow and she were almost face to face.

Then Vicky screamed. She let out a blood-curdling yell and tried to duck when the shadow reached out an arm, but she wasn't fast enough.

Does he know we're on the edge of nowhere? she thought wildly. "Don't move! The edge," she gasped. "There's a big drop . . ."

She shouldn't have told him. She didn't have a chance now. Steadily, relentlessly, she was being pushed backward. The last few feet . . . the last foot . . .

There was a whistling noise, something snapped past her head, and Vicky felt her arms pinned to her sides. She was jerked roughly forward, and they fell to the ground, the shadow and she, encircled by the lariat . . .

The nightmare and the terror were over. Vicky was back at the ranch again, her bruises patched, traces of her tears gone. She was ashamed of the tears, but Sara's mother told her they were Nature's safety valve, and that a girl who had battled for her life on the edge of a precipice would have to be made of stone if she didn't cry when it was all over.

"That's not why I was crying," Vicky said. "Don't tell me you were feeling sorry for that—that weasel!" Sara burst out.

"No," mumbled Vicky. "Not really. Though he sent back the camera, and he told Jed he took the picture so we'd know the Witch was all right."

"Don't you believe that! He took it to set us looking for fences, so we wouldn't dream of looking in the mine. And he did try to push you into the shaft; don't forget that."

Vicky wasn't likely to forget it or that if Jed hadn't heard her cry out and raced to the ridge with his trusty lariat she wouldn't be sitting here now. Mr. Oldham had taken over, but Jed was still in town conferring with the police, who had Vicky's assailant under arrest. The Witch was back in her stall, munching a very special supper.

It was nearly ten o'clock when Jed returned. "Was it the uranium, Jed?" Sara asked. "Was that what started the whole thing?"

"I suppose I started it, in a way," Jed said, nodding. "They kept needling me about my prospecting, asking me when I was going to produce something worth money, and just to even things up a little, I put on an act. I

didn't say right out that I was on to anything big, but when I clammed up and acted mysterious, they got ideas. Wasn't I the one who was supposed to know where to find uranium—a rockhound like me?"

"I think anyone would have had to be pretty desperate to try that hard to beat you to it," Sara said thoughtfully. "Of course he was desperate. He wanted to get rich quick, and I suppose he thought if he could ruin the picture and get rid of the company all he'd have to do was get hold of that land and start digging—for a couple of million dollars' worth of uranium that wasn't there!"

"He was positive it was," Jed said. "He rented a Geiger counter and did a little testing himself, and he was sure it was there. Then he had to get me and the company out of the way, so he could get the land. He got the bright idea of abducting the Witch. He was the one who promoted the trip to the Grand Canyon when he heard we were going. He had it all planned—how he'd gum up the valves in the car, get us out of the way for the night, and make off with the Witch."

"Gum up the valves?" Sara asked. "How did he manage that?"

Jed shrugged. "Didn't ask him. Camphor balls would do it."

"Mothballs?" asked Vicky. "Oh, Jed, why didn't you tell me that long ago?"

"Why should I?"

"I saw one in the glove compartment of his car," Vicky shivered. "And the day I saw him coming across the mesa with a pail in his hand, he must have just taken water or feed to the mine. I never tumbled."

"Didn't you recognize him up on the ridge?" Jed asked.

"I knew if anyone came it would be he," Vicky answered. "Tonight when I saw you coming out of the stable with the pickax and a pail of oats, I remembered Miles coming across the mesa with a pail. And I remembered the pickax in his car."

Jed got up and walked to the edge of the patio. The moon was riding high now. From the stable came a soft whinny.

"The Witch ought to be getting her beauty sleep," Sara said. "Don't they start shooting tomorrow, Jed?"

"There'll be a slight delay," Jed turned to

Coming—in January

The moving, inspiring story of a migrant girl—"Knock on the Door, Emmy!"—brings Florence Cannell Means back to The American Girl with a six-part serial. Don't miss a single installment

Quest for liberty

Continued from page 15

colony, had been reaping huge personal gains from the labors of the indentured servants. At his bidding, the colonial governor refused to free them and allot them land when they had served their time. Their protests reached the ears of the Virginia Company. Threatened with arrest, the governor fled. His successor, sent out from London, called for the election of two burgesses from each of the eleven settlements along the James River, to meet with him and his council in the church at Jamestown. This was the first general assembly of representatives of the people ever held on American soil. In its six-day session it set the indentured servants free and granted them their rights. Freedom had taken another step forward.

But Freedom's battle, won today, will always require new vigilance tomorrow. Even as this great event took place, the *Treasurer*, a semi-pirate vessel sent out by Sir Robert Rich, sailed into the mouth of the James

River, laden with spoils from a marauding expedition among the Spanish colonists in the Caribbean. Its captain got a warning that the old governor had fled and that an honest man was in control. He quickly put out to sea again. But shortly afterward, a Dutch trading vessel anchored at Jamestown, with twenty Negroes aboard. It is believed they were free settlers in the Caribbean, kidnaped by the *Treasurer*, and transferred to the Dutch ship. They were quickly sold in Jamestown as slaves.

"Whatever for?" Sara asked.

"So Charlotte's ma and pa can look over their future son-in-law."

"That's nice," Sara jumped up. "Come on, let's say good night to the Witch."

The Witch turned soft brown eyes on them and rubbed hopefully at Jed's sleeve. "You've had sugar lumps," he told her. "How spoiled can you get?"

"I suppose she'll want top billing now, like any other star," Vicky said, stroking the velvety nose. "She already has a stand-in."

"She was offered a contract tonight," Jed added, "but she declined with thanks. Said she didn't want to go to Hollywood; all she wanted was to put her boy through college."

"Smart girl," Sara said. The Witch nipped playfully at her red hair. "That's not a carrot, but I suppose I'll have to get you one."

"You know something?" Jed said when Sara had gone. "I'm glad I'm not going back into that grease pit, but I didn't mind it as much as I did last summer. I had a lot to think about. And I didn't spend all my time thinking about the Witch, Vicky."

"Didn't you? About rocks, maybe."

Jed laughed. "Okay, make it hard for a guy. Sure, about what a rockhead I'd been."

"Rockhead?"

"Falling for a girl who'll be all the way across the country from me, come September. I won't even be able to call her up next winter, unless I'm a lot richer than I've been so far. Or take her dancing or riding."

With her finger Vicky traced the white blaze on the Witch's forehead. "You could tell her to go see that movie you're going to be in," she said slowly. "Not that she'd have to be told. She'll probably follow it from one theater to another; she'll probably see it a hundred times. If you sort of waved to her once when you were in front of the cameras, I think she'd be—I think she'd like that."

"Would she?" Jed asked. "You think she'd watch for it? She wouldn't be looking just at the Witch?"

"Not if I know her," said Vicky.

ACTUAL SIZE
from Your Photo or
Snapshot



Join the Fun!

SWAP
TOKEN
PHOTOS
with Everyone!

One
Pose
24 for \$1
Only We Pay
Postage

60 for \$2
Only

EVERYBODY'S TRADING 'EM!

- WALLET SIZE—2½" x 3½"
- LUXURIOUS SILK-FINISH
- DOUBLE-WEIGHT STUDIO PAPER

IDEAL FOR FRAMING

Swap snapshots with your sweetheart, classmates, friends. Only pennies per picture for studio-quality reproductions made from your favorite photo. Send your photo now—any size—together with payment.

LIMITED TIME ONLY

MAIL COUPON NOW!
YOUR MONEY BACK IF
NOT DELIGHTED!

WALLET PHOTOS, Box D1-125, Hillside, N. J.

Please send me _____ Token Photos. I enclose \$_____ and my picture which you will return unharmed. My money back if not fully satisfied.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



"Who'd believe I was ever embarrassed by PIMPLES!"

New! Clearasil Medication

'STARVES' PIMPLES

SKIN-COLORED

HIDES PIMPLES WHILE IT WORKS

Doctors' clinical tests prove this new-type medication *especially* for pimples really works. In skin specialists' tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL.

Amazing starving action. CLEARASIL actually starves pimples because it helps remove the oils that pimples "feed" on. And CLEARASIL's *anti-septic action* stops the growth of bacteria that can cause and spread pimples. Skin-colored to hide pimples and end embarrassment. Greaseless, stainless... pleasant to leave on day and night for uninterrupted medication.

America's largest-selling specific pimple medication... because CLEARASIL has helped so many boys, girls and adults. **GUARANTEED** to work for you as it did in doctors' tests or money back. 59¢ and 98¢. At all druggists. Get CLEARASIL today. (Available in Canada, slightly more.)



SHELLCRAFT Make Money! Have Fun!

Send for Free List of Shell, Pearl, and Rhinestone Kits. Send only 10¢ for new illustrated Supply Catalog with basic instructions. Retail & Wholesale.

Caribbean Shell Shop
P. O. Box 311, Dept. 36
Sarasota, Florida

SHOWBOAT SUMMER

By ROSAMOND Du JARDIN

Having finished their freshman year in college, Penny and Pam spend a wonderful, very exciting vacation with a college theatrical company on a river showboat. \$2.50

Other "Penny and Pam" books by ROSAMOND Du JARDIN are *Double Date* and *Double Feature*.

At all bookstores • Each \$2.50

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY
Philadelphia • New York



FASCINATING HOBBIES that bring you Pleasure and Profit!

Our Catalog lists items you need for making beautiful articles in wood, metal, leather, reed, chair cane, pottery, etc. Complete tools and supplies for schools—home-shop crafts—art courses; also looms and weaving materials. Instruction aids are also listed.

J. L. HAMMETT CO.
284 Main St., Cambridge, Mass.

WRITE TODAY FOR YOUR FREE CATALOG

631 MOVIE & TV STAR PICTURES 25¢

EXCITING NEW COLLECTION!
For the first time—sensational pictures of your favorite movie and TV stars! A super-duper offer!

FREE Home addresses of over 165 stars and birthdays of 300 with order of your favorite stars!

Send 25¢ to
DeLuxe Photo Service, Dept. B-24
Box 947, Church St. Annex, N.Y. 8, N.Y.



CAT LOVERS' CALENDAR



NEW, clever 1956 desk size, with plastic binding, appealing photos of adorable felines, hints on cat care. Send 10¢ and bottom flaps from 2 bags of KITTY LITTER, or 25¢ in coin... while they last.

KITTY LITTER Absorbs, Deodorizes

Eliminates messy sandbox routine. Obtain where pet supplies are sold... Free folder sent on request.

LOWES, INC., Dept. 1219 Cassopolis, Mich.



Make fascinating wire miniatures with

SUJI® wire art

CREATIVE - SIMPLE - ENTERTAINING

Send 89¢ for complete kit

x-acto Inc. 48-416 Van Dam St.,
L.I.C. 1, N.Y.

the New World in quest of liberty. It weighed as a shame on many hearts. The road ahead was hidden in deep fog, but the conscience of America said that slavery could not endure.

The Negroes, though they entered as slaves, had their own great contributions to make to life in America. They brought strong bodies and willing hands, intelligence, imagination, technical skill. They labored on the plantations, but they also frequently astounded the white man by their skill at a forge, in metal craftsmanship. It was not really surprising. For thousands of years in Africa, the Negro had worked with iron, silver, copper, gold. Negroes were probably the first discoverers of iron—that hard substance, good for tools, that a raging fire in the jungle can distill from a fallen meteorite.

On the plantations, over the years, the ancient chants of Africa and the Christian hymns were melted into new, hauntingly beautiful tunes and rhythms by the Negroes as they worked together in the fields. An American folk music was born, destined to become a cherished part of the American heritage.

From the day the great eastern door of the New World castle swung open, the quest for liberty was pursued with the energy of people who believe that their human rights are God-given. It was not always an easy quest, but it was one that pointed clearly down the road of co-operation and mutual respect. Increasingly, the settlers learned to travel that road. Puritans moving out of New England mingled with Dutch Protestants and sturdy French Huguenots in New York. In Pennsylvania, William Penn's Quakers dwelt in harmony alongside Germans and Swedes of other religious persuasions. When Lord Baltimore, a Catholic, received a grant of land in Maryland, Protestants as well as Catholics were welcomed, and together they built a prosperous colony.

Young people shared in the hard work of the colonists and also in their love of liberty. Like young people today, they insisted on the right to examine old precepts and work out standards of conduct for themselves. Puritan boys helped fell the trees, plant the corn, build the sailing vessels—while the girls knotted fish nets or worked at the spinning wheel. Huguenot youngsters often walked long distances to church in their bare feet, carrying their shoes to keep them clean. Yet these earnest young people scoffed at the notion of their elders that pleasure is a sin; they insisted on an occasional evening straw ride, a cook-out of venison, a watermelon party—the sort of thing boys and girls today enjoy.

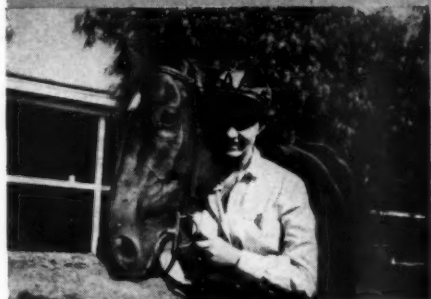
The democratic lessons of the New World were being learned on the east coast. But new lessons were to come, as the great central room of the New World castle was explored. The early settlers could not visualize its vast extent. Yet soon the Anglo-Saxon pioneers would be on the move. They would spread westward, and westward still, to scale the mountains, penetrate the forests, carry civilization across the plains. People of many lands would come to join them, drawn by the promise of the New World.

Unlike the quest for gold, the quest for liberty would enrich their lives with new meanings, and a new sense of brotherhood. [To be concluded]

Some of those who helped explore Freedom's castle may have been your own ancestors, or your own people. Read about them in the next installment of "Let's Discover America."

By Bertha Jancke Lueck

Speaking of movies



Glory—A story of a girl and her horse, in Technicolor and SuperScope, that you are sure to enjoy. Clarabel (Margaret O'Brien) loves and is given a filly, Glory, in which everyone has lost faith. Clarabel's romance and Glory's racing career have many setbacks. But when a trainer, Ned Otis (Walter Brennan) happens on a secret that makes Glory run her best, the girl and her horse win out in an exciting finish. (RKO)

The Desperate Hours—Three dangerous convicts hide out in a respectable home. The father knows his family will be killed if the police close in; if the men escape, they will be taken with them and killed later. After a night of terror he takes the one terrible chance that may save them all. A tense, suspenseful drama in VistaVision, with Humphrey Bogart, Martha Scott, Fredric March, Arthur Kennedy as stars. (Paramount)



Gentlemen Marry Brunettes

—A bright musical romance, with Jane Russell and Jeanne Crain as actress sisters Bonnie and Connie Jones. Scatterbrained Bonnie becomes engaged to too many young men, and the girls take off for Paris. Here they meet three Americans (Scott Brady, Alan Young, Rudy Vallee). What follows is gay nonsense flavored with catchy tunes, good dancing, and a surprise ending. (United Artists)



DOES THE RECIPE— OR THE PAN— 'TAKE THE CAKE'?

Out of the oven it comes... your prize confection... a cake that's full-volume, golden-brown and light as eider down! Your amazed family is showering you with a baker's dozen different compliments.



What's responsible for your success? ... Mother's never-fail recipe (that you've failed with countless times before?) ... the beating you gave the batter? ... or might it be, the pan? Few cooks think of that, and yet cooking experts all maintain: a pan that shines, outside as well as inside, can make the difference between a golden cake and an over-browned one, between a full-volume cake and one that's flat-sided, humped in the center.



And, of course, the secret of shiny pans is S.O.S. S.O.S., the scouring pad with the soap right in it, puts on a polish as it cleans.

So why not get the S.O.S. habit, because a pan shined with S.O.S. takes the cake, every time!

The S. O. S. Company, Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A.
S. O. S. Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.



Boys like girls who are active and good sports. So join the boys in their fun. Go sledding often—and lead the way with the beautiful new streamlined Flexible Flyer Sled—"queen of them all".

THE ALL NEW Flexible Flyer®

FEATURES:

NEW, COLOR HARMONY—Two-tone and beautiful with a natural deck that contrasts startlingly with gleaming red or black side rails and runners.

NEW AIR FLOW DECK—Fast as the wind, Flexible Flyer's graceful design makes it seem to speed, even when standing still.

NEW CHROME-PLATED BUMPER—Gives a stylish look to all Flexible Flyer Sleds. Very strong, too—chrome over tough steel.

EXCLUSIVE SUPER STEERING—Double the steering range of ordinary sleds—and girls find them easy to steer. A real safety aid.

S. L. ALLEN & CO., Inc.

409 Glenwood Ave.
Philadelphia 40, Pa.



Look for the famous flying eagle

SAFETY PLEDGE! Get your Flexible Flyer Safety Pledge, plus 3-color Flying Eagle in "SCOTCHLITE" reflector tape (glows day and night)—plus Club Membership Card. Send 15¢ in coin to cover postage and handling charges to:

S. L. ALLEN & CO., Inc.
409 Glenwood Ave., Phila., Pa.

My Name Is.....

Street Address.....

City or town..... Zone..... State.....

By You Continued from page 20

gave me the warm, wriggling little bundle to hold.

"This is our Christmas doll this year, honey. A real live one." Mother smiled and then she pulled a transparent package from the pocket of her robe. "Besides, a girl old enough to wear these doesn't need any more dolls."

A warm glow went all over me. Before me was the symbol of all the wonderful new grown-up things to come. My very first pair of nylons!

Mother's eyes met mine with a look full of love and understanding. "Many happy New Years, darling," she said softly, "and a very Merry Christmas!"

Robin Fine (age 13)
Chapel Hill, North Carolina

First nonfiction award

Inside TV

Every child has, at some time, wanted to get inside a record player or radio to meet the people who are talking to them. I have had the opportunity to "get inside" a television set twice weekly for twelve exciting weeks.

Our program appears spontaneous. There are no scripts and no lines to memorize. Yet fifteen minutes is a short time in which to get across a point; so what appears unrehearsed is really very carefully planned.

I arrive at the studio half an hour before air time. I take pride in coming in the back way used only by those who "know the ropes."

Once inside I push open the heavy, sound-proof doors that bear the sign "Visitors not allowed without permission." I run into the actual studio since the "On the Air" sign is not lighted. Cris, the boom-girl, is testing the sound equipment. Our timekeeper arranges her timecards, while the cameramen amuse themselves by taking close-ups of such things as the feet and shadow of a singer who is rehearsing.

The big lights that hang from the ceiling make the studio warm. A cameraman pulls each one down with a long, hooked stick, checks it and returns it to the proper position for the next show.

I dash to the control room where I find Miss Griffin, the capable, charming woman who plans and keeps our show going. Mr. Davis, studio director, informs us that Tom, the third and final member of our cast, has not arrived yet.

Miss Griffin and I review the program carefully. The clock says four minutes until show time. Still no Tom! The segment before ours is over. Cris swings the boom overhead and as the cameras roll silently into place, Tom bounces into the studio and I heave a sigh of relief.

"Never been late yet, have I?" he grins as he slides into place. Miss Griffin gives him some hurried instructions. Then, "Stand by!" is heard from the control room.

I experience a thrill as the technician raises her hand and swiftly brings it down pointing at us. The red lights on camera one go on. We're on the air! The program goes very smoothly. It is seemingly spontaneous. The audience sees exactly what we want them to see—the finished product.

Jessatha MacFarland (age 11)
Greensboro, North Carolina

First poetry award

Prelude

*I am Tomorrow.
I hold the Future in my hand
My songs are of youth—
Working and playing
Laughing and loving
Hoping and dreaming
Because they are mine . . .
My work and my play
My laughter and my love
My hopes and my dreams
My courage is the strength of Tomorrow
And my dreams—Tomorrow's realities
All of the world
And the beauty of man
And the peace of God
Is mine
For though I am Tomorrow,
Today
I am youth.*
Jo Anne Warren (age 15) Lubbock, Texas

Fiction award

A web of stars

A chill wind moaned across the plain, stirring up the ancient red dust that collected in the jagged hollows of the ground. The wind pushed its way into the crevices as if it were searching for some living thing on this desolate land where nothing had dwelt for years but silence.

To the west lie the mountains, great black masses of rock and volcanic ash as desolate and cold as the plain upon which they look. A century before, people had lived in these mountains, back in the cold gray shadows of the rocks. The last of their race, they had struggled against famine and disease until, at last, they had given up and faded back into the shadows of their land, leaving it empty, silent.

These forgotten people in this forgotten land had lost three thousand years of culture; little was left of their civilization but a legend of the past that told a story of the plain when a great city had stood upon it and the land had flourished. The people had died but the legend had remained. For on a clear, cold night, when the stars whirled above and the clouds were blowing up against the moon, the wind whispered the legend across the sand and the mountains, like shadowy tombs, stood listening . . .

An age ago a city stood upon this plain, a crystal city full of light and bubbling with laughter. Crystal spires pointed into the blue of the sky, and sparkling water tinkled in silver fountains.

Then, one night, a man, looking up and seeing the stars spread like a giant glistening web across the sky, said, "Someday I shall claim them for my own."

Another man, seeing him, thought, "I must reach the stars before him." But the only way he could reach them first was to get the other man out of the way. To do this he started a fight, and being stronger, he would have surely won if the friends of the other man had not come along. The fight grew and grew as people joined each side, until finally, the whole city had taken sides and friend was fighting friend. Each side was trying hard to create a weapon that would conquer the other, and no one realized the beautiful crystal city

was crumbling about them. At last, one side created a weapon so large and powerful that they not only destroyed their enemy but also destroyed themselves. The few survivors fled to the mountains, leaving behind them the shattered skeleton of the city; the last crystal tower crashed into the torn street and the silver fountains were choked with dust and ashes...

Across the night sky stretches a web of stars, cold and glittering, untouched by any human. They look down upon the shadowed land and hear the rising wind wail over the buried city.

Mary Jo Lewis (age 17) Puente, California

Nonfiction award

The picture frame

Our window is like a picture frame, through which many scenes are visible. Many times I have daydreamed away class periods; more often have been awakened by the teacher's reproving tone. But even as he reprimands me, I catch a hint of understanding in his voice, for he, too, knows the lure of the ever-changing view outside this window.

The mountains look so very close, and yet, somehow, so apart from reality. They look blue and purple in the distance, but if one looks very hard, he will discover that the closer peaks are various shades of red, yellow, brown, and green. It is almost impossible to tell from a distance whether the mountains are real or made of cardboard, they stand up so stiffly against the sky. Looking at the peaks and foothills they seem to blend into the towers, walls, moats, and courtyards of an indescribably lovely fairy castle.

On clear days, the sky is a brilliant shade of blue, stretching as far as the eye can see in all directions, broken only by a few white, fluffy clouds.

When overcast, the sky is the color of smoked-pearl velvet, very soft looking and appearing close enough to touch.

Even during a rainstorm, the landscape is visible for miles around; block after block of tiny cracker boxes posing as houses, some with an almost pathetic attempt at distinction; the university fieldhouse and stadium, looming up deceptively close across a mile of fields.

Summer, winter, spring, fall—our view is always changing, yet always spectacular.

Sherry Granzow (age 12) Denver, Colorado

Poetry award

Wait

Wait is a word used in all languages.
Wait. What does it mean to me?
Wait till Father comes home. What then?
Wait till I'm older. What then?
Wait! Wait! Wait! For what, I wonder?
For love? For marriage? For death?
I wait for the day I can stop waiting.
Jean Riske (age 15) Gold Bar, Washington

Nonfiction award

Hospital impressions

Starched uniforms; the drama of surgery—this was how I'd thought of a hospital. I had always wanted to go through a large hospital, and one day my dream came true. The nurses' helpers in our school—of which I am a member—visited Christ Hospital in Jersey City.

One of the wards we went through was the rehabilitation ward. This was the ward where men and women who had been seriously hurt

Della Scott
722 Staples Avenue
Kalamazoo, Michigan



Awhile ago I tried for one of these scholarships. I didn't think my sketch could win, but it did! I am learning a lot from the Art Course and am already working full time as an artist.

Della M. Scott

TRY FOR A FREE 2-YEAR
ART SCHOLARSHIP WORTH \$335.00

Draw Me

Imagine, free training for an exciting career in fashion drawing or other advertising art, or magazine illustrating!

Many well-paid artists today are graduates of the school that offers this scholarship. It's a famous home study art school—world's largest. You're trained by professional artists. You get individual coaching.

As prizewinner, you also receive a complete professional drawing outfit—plus a series of illustrated art textbooks to which over 40 leading artists have contributed.

Try for this scholarship! Mail your sketch of the "Draw Me" girl today.



DRAW THIS
GIRL'S HEAD

5 inches high. Use pencil only. All drawings must be received by January 31, 1956. None returned. Winner notified. Amateurs only. Our students not eligible.

ART INSTRUCTION, INC., STUDIO 12805

500 South 4th Street • Minneapolis 15, Minnesota

Please enter my drawing in your January contest.

(PLEASE PRINT)

Name _____ AGE _____ Phone _____
Address _____ City _____ Zone _____
County _____ State _____ Occupation _____

GIRLS

all over the world
SKI BETTER

and have
MORE FUN
with...

Northland SKIS

Beginners and experts alike say that Northland Skis are the easiest in the world to ski on. So to ski better and have more fun, make Northland Skis your skis! Beautiful looking, too!

NORTHLAND

SKI MANUFACTURING CO.

2325 Endicott St., Dept. 83 • St. Paul 14, Minn.

write for
FREE booklet
on how
to ski

The book that gives direct
answers to questions that are

For Girls Only

By FRANK HOWARD RICHARDSON, M.D. An understanding doctor tells you what you want to know about the changes taking place in your body, helps you solve those problems and worries you may hesitate to discuss with other people. *A Tupper & Love Book.* \$2.75 at all bookstores, or from

DAVID McKAY CO., Inc., 55 5th Ave., New York 3, N.Y.

WALLET SIZE
FROM ONE POSE

Classmate
PHOTO
SPECIAL 25 for \$1.00
plus 10¢ shipping

for lovelier WALLET PHOTOS
by MINUTE MAN

FOR PORTRAIT PHOTO OR SNAPSHOT

- ♥ FOR EVERY PHOTO AND GIFT USE
- ♥ FULL 2½ x 3½ WALLET SIZE
- ♥ ON SPECIAL WALLET PAPER
- ♥ MINUTE MAN SERVICE IS FAST

Guaranteed to be the best wallet photos you can buy or your money quickly returned.
SEE MINUTE MAN SPECIALS BELOW

MINUTE MAN PHOTO, Dept. 62
Box 187, Lexington 73, Mass.

I enclose portrait, snapshot, or negative

which will be returned unharmed. Please rush:

- ☐ 25 wallet photos from one pose, \$1.00 plus 10¢ shipping
- ☐ 50 wallet photos from one pose, \$2.00 post paid.
- ☐ 75 wallet photos from one pose, \$3.00 post paid.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

Get this 6-sided cutter



for the
Holidays
and
Party
Occasions



Christmas Hospitality Tray
Chicken salad on rounds of bread, topped with "cranberry stars" cut from Ocean Spray Jellyed Cranberry Sauce.

6 Cutters in 1 . . . for cutting Ocean Spray Cranberry Sauce in fancy shapes
(STAR · TURKEY · CHICKEN · PUMPKIN · HEART · BUNNY)
Cranberry sauce in festive shapes for sandwiches, salads, or with turkey. All six cutters in one, made exclusively for Ocean Spray.

Be sure of quality,
Buy by brand —
Ocean Spray

For each 6-sided
cutter, send 50¢
and 2 Ocean Spray
labels to —



OCEAN SPRAY, Dept. A12
Wallingford, Conn.

Send _____ 6-sided cranberry cutters
(no stamps please) (2 labels and 50¢ for each cutter)

\$ _____ enclosed and _____ labels.

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____

ZONE _____

STATE _____

FREE! LARGE GLOSSY PHOTO YOUR FAVORITE STAR



**EXPENSIVE STUDIO ENLARGEMENT
PLUS!** Giant illustrated catalog of TOP
MOVIE, TV and RECORDING
STARS — *both absolutely FREE!*
Just send name of your favorite star and 10¢
to cover postage.

PREVIEW PHOTO Dept. G-12
Box 36539 • Hollywood 36, California



Discourage those Blackheads!

Just don't let small blackheads
de-glamorize *your* skin! Now—use
this special greaseless treatment for
clearing away these blackheads. It's
recommended by leading skin doc-
tors. It's quick. It's effective.

Every night and morning, after
you wash your face—gently smooth
on a deep coat of snowy Pond's
Vanishing Cream. Leave on for one
minute. The "keratolytic" action of
this *greaseless* cream dissolves off oily
dead skin flakes that clog pores and en-
courage blackheads. Wipe cream off;
rinse face with cold water. Hundreds of
girls have tried this wonder-working
treatment with Pond's Vanishing
Cream. They say "your skin looks
fresher, clearer—*right away!*"

**Cash In On EVERY Occasion
with MIDWEST Greeting Cards**

Make bigger profits ALL YEAR. Show
friends fast-selling Valentines, Easter,
Mother's, Father's Day Cards, plus
— best Birthday, Get-Well assortments,
etc. 4 new Valentine packs. Secret Pal
Cards, unusual new ideas, exceptional
bargains in Cards, Notes, Gifts, Gadgets,
Personalized Stationery. Profits to 100%
on big line. Samples on approval. Write.

**MONEY IN
VALENTINES**
Send for
Samples

Midwest Card Co., 1113 Washington Ave., Dept. 600-G St. Louis 1, Mo.

could possibly regain the use of an arm or leg
or even walk again.

It was heart-warming to see two such pa-
tients—an elderly man and a young boy cheer-
fully tackling the seemingly impossible task of
walking again. And when one of them walked
—a bit haltingly perhaps, but nevertheless
walked—across the short platform, you could
share the wonderful feeling he had because he
knew he would walk again.

This room held memories of many victories,
but also of many failures. There must have
been many times when a patient was told he
would never walk again, but only grim deter-
mination kept him trying. But when try after
try brought only failure, he would finally ad-
mit the doctors were right.

But what about the others? The others who
couldn't walk or use an arm? They were not
forgotten and left in their beds day after day.
They, too, had a chance of victory for them-
selves, but a different kind of victory.

They had another room where handicrafts
were taught. Here the patients could learn to
use a spinning wheel, play a musical instru-
ment, make leather articles and many other
useful things.

Starched uniforms; the drama of surgery—
yes, this is part of a hospital—but only a
part. There's more to it than uniforms and
dramatic moments in the operating room.
There's the joy of seeing one who has been
very sick walk out of the hospital well and
happy.

Eleanor Hunt (age 16) Union City, New Jersey

Poetry award

Nature's Creation

*Nature
Smiled
Upon a flower
And made it without
A stem.
No stem to hold it
To the earth
No roots to chain it
Down.
Higher and higher
It floated
With heaven
As its goal.
It danced
With the breeze
A merry minuet
And flirted
With the clouds.
It flitted through a garden
And teased the envious blossoms
Anchored there.
Nature watched her gay creature
And laughed
And called it
A butterfly.*
Bobbie Lukes (age 15) Lincoln, Nebraska

Honorable mention

Fiction: Lynne Herthum (age 15) Baton
Rouge, Louisiana.
Nonfiction: Anne Palmer (age 15) Muskegon,
Michigan.
Poetry: Rosemary Ann Cook (age 12) Harbor
Beach, Michigan. Stephanie von Buchau (age
16) Black Point, California. Judith Levy
(age 16) Stratford, Connecticut.
Art: Jean A. Keane (age 16) Richland Center,
Wisconsin. Carrie Jessup (age 16) Sulphur,
Oklahoma.
Photography: Rachel Rossi (age 13) Torrington,
Connecticut.

Where to buy American Girl fashions

Prize purchase, page 21

Baltimore, Maryland, Hochschild, Kohn & Co.
Bridgeport, Connecticut,

Howland Dry Goods Co.

Buffalo, New York,

Adam, Meldrum & Anderson Co., Inc.

Cheltenham, Pennsylvania, Gimbels

Chicago, Illinois, Mandel Bros.

Cleveland, Ohio, The Wm. Taylor Son & Co.

Hamden, Connecticut, Eli Moore, Inc.

Memphis, Tennessee, Levy's

New Haven, Connecticut, Eli Moore, Inc.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, Gimbels

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, Joseph Horne Co.

Sacramento, California, Rhodes

Washington, D. C., The Hecht Co.

Worcester, Massachusetts,

Denholm & McKay Co.

Holiday on the town, pages 22-23

Miss Ilene

Elizabeth, New Jersey, Levy Bros.

Miami, Florida, Burdine's, Inc.

New York, New York, B. Altman & Co.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania,

Strawbridge & Clothier

College Teen

Chattanooga, Tennessee, Miller Bros. Co.

Indianapolis, Indiana, The Wm. H. Block Co.

Miami, Florida, Burdine's, Inc.

New York, New York, Bloomingdale's

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, Joseph Horne Co.

St. Louis, Missouri, Stix, Baer & Fuller

Williamsport, Pennsylvania, Brozman's

Petiteen

Akron, Ohio, The M. O'Neil Co.

Rules for By You entries

Have you sent an entry yet for your own Contributors' Department?

Readers under eighteen years of age may send contributions to this department. They may be on any subject that will appeal to teen-agers. Only original material, never before published, should be submitted.

"Original" means that in all contributions the idea, and the drawings or words which express that idea, must be entirely the sender's. Contributions must not be copied in any way from the work of another person.

Short Stories: Not over 800 words.

Poems: Two to twenty-five lines.

Nonfiction: Description, biographical or human-interest sketch, episode from real life. Not over 400 words.

Drawings: Black-and-white only, on stiff drawing paper or poster board; may be done in pencil, black writing ink, India ink, charcoal, tempera, or wash. Not smaller than 5" x 7". **WARNING: Wrap carefully!**

Photographs: Any subject. Black-and-white only. No smaller than 2 1/4" x 2 1/4". Wrap carefully, as damaged photographs will not be considered.

Rules

1. Entries for the April, 1956, issue must be mailed on or before January 1, 1956. Entries will be considered only for the one issue of

Baltimore, Maryland, The May Co.

Cincinnati, Ohio, The H. & S. Pogue Co.

Cleveland, Ohio, The Higbee Co.

Ft. Lauderdale, Florida, Burdine's, Inc.

Hartford, Connecticut, G. Fox & Co.

Houston, Texas, Foley's

Miami, Florida, Burdine's, Inc.

Miami Beach, Florida, Burdine's, Inc.

New York, New York, Gimbels

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania,

Strawbridge & Clothier

Portland, Oregon, The Bedell Store

Washington, D. C., Woodward & Lothrop

West Palm Beach, Florida, Burdine's, Inc.

Ilene Ricky

Memphis, Tennessee, Goldsmith's

New York, New York, Arnold Constable

Holiday at home, page 24

Slumbertogs

Brooklyn, New York, Abraham & Straus

Clayton, Missouri, The Colony

Danbury, Connecticut, Small World

Nashville, Tennessee,

Loveman, Berger & Teitlebaum

Bonnie Frances

At fine stores everywhere

Geisha

Baltimore, Maryland, Hochschild, Kohn & Co.

Boston, Massachusetts, Filene's

Cincinnati, Ohio, The H. & S. Pogue Co.

Houston, Texas, Foley's

Indianapolis, Indiana, L. S. Ayres & Co.

Los Angeles, California, The May Co.

Washington, D. C., Woodward & Lothrop

the magazine for which they are submitted.
2. On the upper half of the first page of all manuscripts—or on a sheet attached to drawings and photographs—there must be written:

The name, address, and age of sender.

Her troop number if she is a Girl Scout.

The number of words in the piece submitted.

The following endorsement, signed by parent, teacher, or guardian: "I have seen this contribution and am convinced that it is the original idea and work of the sender."

3. Manuscripts must be typewritten or neatly written in ink, on one side of the paper only.

4. Ages of the contributors will be considered in judging, and the decision of the judges is final. A contributor may send only one entry a month—not one of each kind, but only one.

5. All manuscripts, drawings, and photographs submitted become the property of The AMERICAN GIRL Magazine and cannot be acknowledged or returned. The AMERICAN GIRL reserves the right to cut and edit manuscripts when necessary.

Awards

First awards, \$10; all others, \$5. Each month a list of Honorable Mention contributions is printed. No awards are made for these.

Send entries to "By You" Dept. Editor

The AMERICAN GIRL Magazine

155 East 44th St., New York 17, N.Y.

"Otto" the Autograph Hound!



\$2.00
ppd.

Collects Your Friends' Signatures
The Way a Live Pup Does Fleas!

Yes, Otto is a pedigreed autograph hound! He'll carry your "Merry Christmas" message right to your friends, and then collect the signatures of their friends as well! He's long. He's fat and sassy and smooth as they come, to take pen and pencil signatures perfectly. Best of all, the longer you own "Otto", the more precious he'll become, because he's the memory-keeping pet of a lifetime.

Mail Orders Filled Promptly

Max Sekling Seedsmen, Inc.

538 Madison Ave., Dept. 605, New York 22, N. Y.

fudge

Smoother, Tastier
MORE Delicious!

Try brand NEW recipe
on jar. Quick — simple
— certain!



MARSHMALLOW fluff

Celebrating Our 38th Anniversary

STAMP

COLLECTION GIVEN

More than 100 diff. fascinating, intriguing stamps from Europe, Africa, Asia, etc., used stamps and unused stamps, you will be thrilled! All given to approval service applicants sending 3c postage. TATNAM STAMP CO., SPRINGFIELD-4, MASS.

225 STAMPS 10¢

FOR ONLY

THIS MAMMOTH VALUE INCLUDES STAMPS WORTH UP TO 25¢! ALSO APPROVALS. WRITE TODAY!

MYSTIC STAMP CO., Camden 70, New York



UNITED NATIONS FIRST STAMP ISSUE

Considered to be among World's prettiest sets. Pictures U.N. Bldg., Emblem, and Peoples of World. Sample Set—Limited for use at only one post office in world—Only 10¢ with approvals.

WELLES, Box 1246-AQ, Church St. Sta., N.Y.C. 8



200 DIFFERENT STAMPS

INCLUDING 12 STAR TRIANGLE

ALSO SCARCE WAR PATION STAMPS

Only 10¢ & APPROVAL APPLICANTS

AVALLON STAMP CO. Dept. A SPRINGFIELD MASS.



GIGANTIC COLLECTION

Includes Triangles, Early United States

Animals — Commemoratives — British

Colonies — High Value Pictorials, etc.

Complete Collection plus Big Illus.

trated Magazine all Given. Send 3c for postage. Approvals.

GRAY STAMP CO., Dept. AG, Toronto, Canada.



U. S. Classics—50 Yr. Old Collection

15 selected old-timers. Each 50 or more years old—Most of 'em missing in even the biggest collections! Get all 15 of these unusual classics for less than 1¢ each. All yours for just 10¢! With your request for approvals.

JARD STAMP CO., Box 246-H, Church St. Annex, N. Y. 8



GIANT STAMP ZOO GIVEN

Fifteen different including rhinoceros, elephant, snake, tiger, zebu

bangor, koalabar, emu, hookabury, bull, horse—With approvals.

Send 10c for postage and handling. LINCOLN STAMP CO.

St. Catharines 546 Ontario, Canada

What Are "Approvals"?

"Approvals," or "approval sheets," mean sheets with stamps attached which are made up and sent out by dealers. The only obligation on the part of the recipient of "Approvals" is that the stamps must be returned promptly and in good condition or paid for.

The price of each stamp is on the sheet and the collector should detach those which he wishes to buy, then return the sheet with the remaining stamps in as good order as when received, enclosing the price of the stamps he has detached and, most important, his name, street, address, city, postal zone number, State, and the invoice number.

91 HIT PARADE SONGS \$2.98

By Top Stars of Radio, T-V, Stage and Screen.

A \$16.00 Value for \$2.98 FOR READERS OF THIS MAGAZINE

FREE

LYRICS TO 73 HIT PARADE SONGS WITH YOUR ORDER OF 18 HIT PARADE SONGS ON RECORDS \$2.98



FREE LYRICS TO 72 HILLBILLY TOP HIT SONGS WITH YOUR ORDER FOR 18 HILLBILLY SONGS ON RECORDS

The top stars of Radio, TV, Stage and Screen bring you your favorite records at 17¢ per song—if we were to name the stars on these records we would have to charge you \$16.00 instead of \$2.98 for these 18 top of the Hit Parade record songs! You get Free Lyrics or FREE Book and a Surprise Gift worth \$1.00 with each order!

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

If for any reason you are not 100% satisfied, KEEP ANY Six Songs FREE and Return the Remaining 12 for Refund. Available in 45 and 78 R.P.M.

18 MORALES CHA-CHA MAMBOS \$2.98

- | | |
|---------------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Isle Verde | 10. Morales' Minuet |
| 2. Easy Patsy | 11. Barapi |
| 3. Papa Luciani | 12. Minute Waltz |
| 4. Mambo Lindo | 13. Carmen Mambo |
| 5. Swinging With Humberto | 14. Sonny's Mambo |
| 6. Nambish | 15. La Paloma Mambo |
| 7. Long-Hair Mambo | 16. Blue Danube |
| 8. Lacey Mambo | 17. Oriental Mambo |
| 9. Rosie Mambo | 18. Mambeat |

FREE BOOK HOW TO DANCE THE MAMBO INCLUDED

MAIL NO RISK COUPON TODAY

BEST VALUES CO., Dept. 716 ☐ Send 78 RPM ☐ Send 45 RPM
318 Market St., Newark, New Jersey

- ☐ I enclose \$2.98. Send the 18 Hit Parade Songs, Plus Lyrics to 73 Hit Parade Songs.
- ☐ I enclose \$2.98. Send the 18 Hillbilly Songs, Plus 100 Hillbilly Lyrics.
- ☐ I enclose \$2.98. Send the 18 Cha-cha Mambos, Plus Mambo Instruction Book.
- ☐ I enclose \$2.98. Send the 12 Sq. Dances and Book.

Name: _____
Address: _____
City: _____ Zone: _____ State: _____

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

PICTURE YOU ON YOUR STATIONARY



Your favorite wallet sized picture of yourself, classmates, parents, sisters, brothers.

Just send picture of yourself or friend you want to appear on stationery. Enclose with picture \$1.95 and you will receive post paid a personalized box of 50 picture notes.

Picture Notes make a splendid Christmas gift. Order now.

PICTURE NOTES, INC.

P. O. Box 336E
Pasadena, California

Now! 6 Complete Hits on 1 Standard Speed 78 Record or 45's

FREE A FREE SURPRISE GIFT WILL BE INCLUDED WITH EACH ORDER!

91 HIT PARADE SONGS \$2.98, 18 HIT PARADE SONGS ON RECORDS BY TOP T. V., RADIO, STAGE AND SCREEN STARS \$2.98

PLUS FREE LYRICS TO 73 TOP HIT PARADE SONGS—ONLY \$2.98

HERE ARE THE 18 ON RECORDS:

- | | |
|------------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. Moments To Remember | 10. Autumn Leaves |
| 2. Black Denim Trousers | 11. Seventeen |
| 3. Suddenly There's A Valley | 12. Maybelline |
| 4. Shifting, Whispering Sands | 13. Tina Marie |
| 5. Only You | 14. Bible Tells Me So |
| 6. You Are My Love | 15. Longest Walk |
| 7. Yellow Rose of Texas | 16. Then I'll Be Happy |
| 8. Love Is A Many Splendored Thing | 17. At My Front Door |
| | 18. Sam Old Saturday Night |

THESE ARE SOME OF THE 73 FREE LYRICS

- | | |
|------------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. Ain't That A Shame | 6. Gum Drop |
| 2. Rock Around The Clock | 7. Hummingbird |
| 3. Hard To Get | 8. Longest Walk |
| 4. Wake The Town & Tell The People | 9. I Want You To Be My Baby |
| 5. Learnin' The Blues | 10. Hawk-Eye |

PLUS 63 OTHER LYRICS FREE!

118 HILLBILLY HITS (18 HILLBILLY HITS—PLUS LYRICS TO 100 SONGS). BY TOP T. V., RADIO, & STAGE STARS ONLY \$2.98

HERE ARE THE 18 RECORD SONGS:

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1. Love, Love, Love | 10. Temptation Go Away |
| 2. Born To Be Happy | 11. Yonder, Comes A Sucker |
| 3. All Right | 12. I Don't Care |
| 4. God Was So Good | 13. Cattle Call |
| 5. Just Call Me Lonesome | 14. Catfish Wind |
| 6. Yellow Rose of Texas | 15. There She Goes |
| 7. You Were Me | 16. Daddy You Know What |
| 8. Mystery Train | 17. There's Poison in Your Heart |
| 9. I Don't Want It On My Conscience | 18. Kentucky Song |

PLUS THE TOP 72 LYRICS

12 SQUARE DANCES & BOOK—\$2.98

6 Calls and 6 Music Only Square Dances plus Gift Book "Square Dancing" for \$2.98

- | | |
|--------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Mockin' Bird | 7. Chicken Reel |
| 2. Flop Eared Mule | 8. Golden Slipper |
| 3. Buffalo Gal | 9. Red River Valley |
| 4. Oh, Susanna | 10. Arkansas Traveler |
| 5. Soldier's Joy | 11. Little Brown Jug |
| 6. Devil's Dream | 12. Turkey in the Straw |

☐ Check here if you want 12 calls and 6 music only (music only)

The unique Christmas Gift for Every Girl on Your List

BEAUTIFUL MINK PIN... for NECKERCHIEF or LAPEL



Pat. Pend.

(2 1/2" X 3")

\$1.79

ppd.

Order from (please PRINT name, address):

PINTO FURS, Dept. G12, 245 W. 29th St., N.Y. 1, N.Y.

60 POWER TELESCOPE \$3.98

Variable Eyepiece 20X-40X-60X—Brass Bound

NEW! Three telescopes in one, 3 different magnifications, 20 power for ultra-bright images with 40 and 60 power for extra long range. Guaranteed to bring distant objects, people, sports events, ships, moon, stars, etc. 60 times as close.

Most powerful for any money. 5 Sections. Closes to fit, long. Contains a ground and polished lens. Also used as a powerful compound microscope. Directions included. Mass production enables us to offer this instrument at amazing price of \$3.98. Money Back Guarantee. We pay postage. Get yours NOW.

Criterion Co., 331 Church St., Hartford 1, Conn. Dept. ALB17



Rock Hudson
ATTENTION
COLLECTORS
FANS

FREE PHOTO

of your favorite

MOVIE or TV STAR—Genuine Portrait 3 1/2x5—type for framing. Also FREE catalog of hundreds of stars. FREE information for getting addresses and birthdays, scenes and guide to Hollywood. Send 15c for handling and mailing (2 for 25c).

STAR PHOTOS, INC. Box 1791, Department 6 Hollywood 28, California

Jokes

On the double!

As the mother tucked her four-year-old son into bed after an especially trying day, she sighed, "Well, I've certainly worked from son up to son down."

Margaret Lewis, Dubuque, Iowa

Realistic

Jeanne: Ah, yes, "What is so rare as a day in June?"

Freddy: A steak you order well done.

Nancy Carpenter, Creswell, Oregon

The very latest

Mother: How was school today, Beth? Did you learn anything new?

Beth: Did I! Tommy is getting a car, Carol has a new taffeta for the formal, and Eddie gave Dot his fraternity pin.

Annette Gilmartin, Albany, New York

How nice of him

Gardener: This flower belongs to the dahlia family.

Visitor: I see—and you're looking after it while they are on vacation.

Shirley Jean Goetz, Lyman, Nebraska

Check with Eve

Dean: Why do you call your umbrella Adam?

Debbie: Because one of its ribs is missing.

Margaret Dart, Old Mystic, Connecticut

Who cares?

Bill: Has your tooth stopped aching?

Jack: I don't know. The dentist kept it.

Paula Blackman, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Big deal

Alan: Would you believe it—Tommy runs to school every morning behind a bus just to save a dime.

Dick: Why doesn't he run behind a taxi and save fifty cents?

Catherine Ford, Greenville, Michigan

Foolish question—foolish answer

Customer: I'd like some pins and needles, please.

Clerk: Going to do some sewing?

Customer: No. I'm a sword swallower and I'm on a diet.

Cynthia Smith, Windsor, Vermont

Some Improvement

George: I was seeing fuzzy spots before my eyes, so I got some glasses.

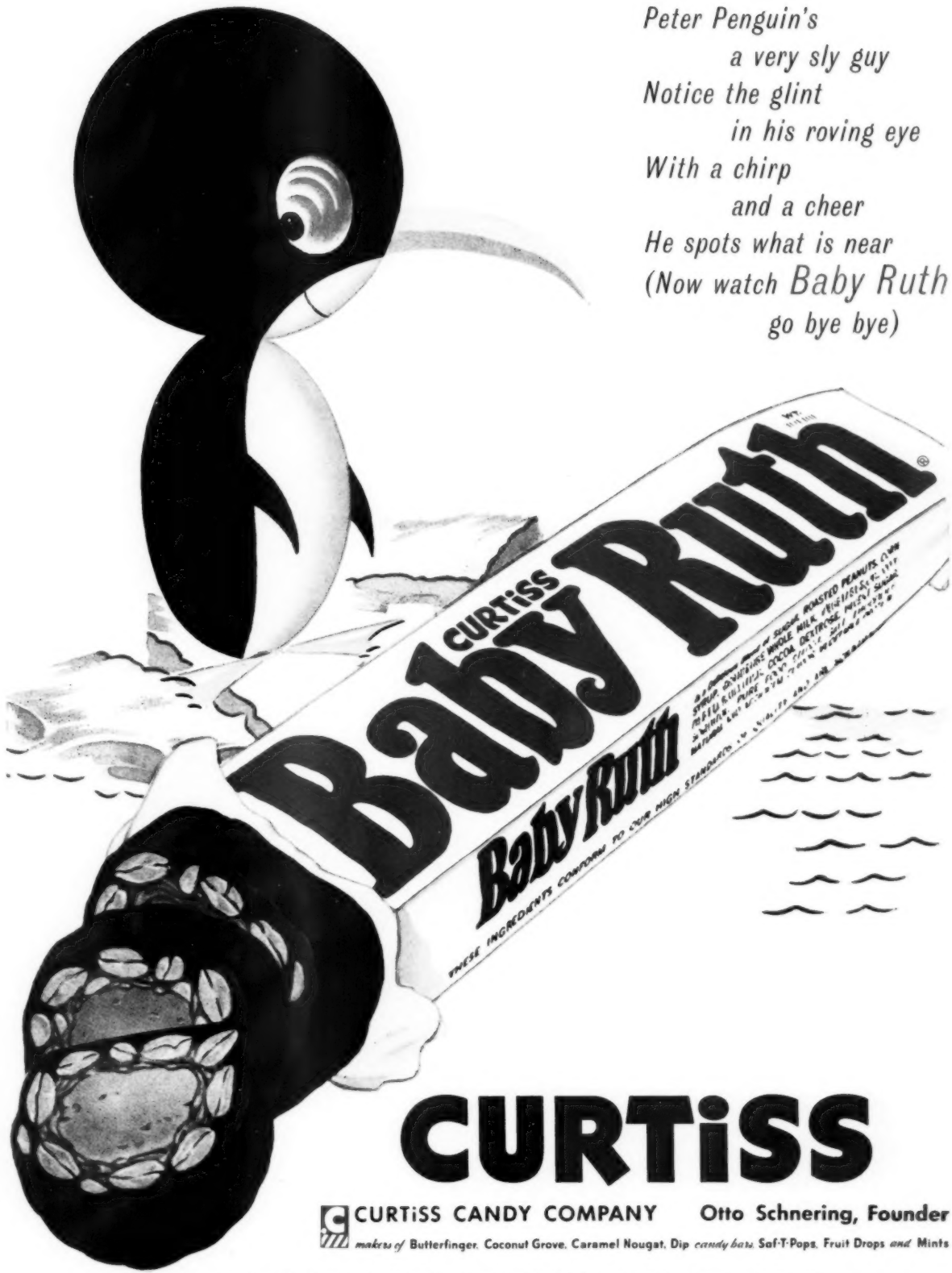
Hal: Did they help?

George: Sure did. I see the spots much clearer now.

Donna Mogle, Midland, Texas

Important notice: All jokes must be written in ink or typed on two-cent postal cards—no more than two on a card. Address cards to AMERICAN GIRL, Jokes Dept., 155 E. 44th St., New York 17, N. Y. Give your name, full address, and age. THE AMERICAN GIRL will pay \$1.00 for each joke printed.

Peter Penguin's
 a very sly guy
 Notice the glint
 in his roving eye
 With a chirp
 and a cheer
 He spots what is near
 (Now watch Baby Ruth
 go bye bye)



CURTISS



CURTISS CANDY COMPANY

Otto Schnering, Founder

makes of Butterfinger, Coconut Grove, Caramel Nougat, Dip candy bars, Saf-T-Pops, Fruit Drops and Mints



Does your school, youth organization, or group need money? Write us for complete fund raising plan successfully employed elsewhere. No obligation.



ld son
y, she
from

as a
e.

? Did
Carol
Eddie

e dah-
after

mbrella
nissing.
t
g?
ept it.
ylvania

runs to
to save
axi and

r
needles.
er and

ore my

much

written
ds—no
ards to
4th St.
full ad-
ill pay

ER, 1955

*Almost everyone
appreciates the best...*



Leave it to old Santa
— he knows something about
refreshment, too. This merry
world traveler could tell
you that ice-cold Coca-Cola is
the perfect gift for thirst —
in Mombasa, in Rome, in Rio
... or where you live.

Drink
Coca-Cola

See **EDDIE FISHER**
on "Coke Time"
NBC Television
twice each week.

